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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew H. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ANDREW THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hull. 2, '11

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert H. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. G. Hebert; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 23, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Jos. Danfels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, President Leddy presided in the absence of Mayor Boyle who is confined to his home by the grip. There was considerable business transacted, including the placing of the bonds for the new Mary street school building and the addition to the Coggeshall school. This made $125,000 at four and one-half per cent. The bids were unusually high, the contract being placed with Estabrooks & Co. of Boston at $1039.30 per $1000. The bonus on the whole issue will amount to something more than $5000.

Weekly bills and pay rolls were approved. A petition from William Sergeant Kendall for reduction of taxes was referred to the tax assessors. Several licenses were granted for junk, pool table, eating house, etc. The appointment of Michael J. Sullivan as a special policeman was confirmed.

Mr. Edward P. Gosling, superintendent of the illuminating department of the Bay State Street Railway Company, came before the board to talk about the plan for burying the wires along Spring street. He said that the Company was ready to spend $100,000 when the board gave permission. The matter was discussed at some length and the members seemed to think that there ought to be a substantial reduction in the number of poles on Spring street when the new conduits are laid. It was decided to look into the matter very carefully before granting the desired permission.

The Bay State Railway is putting into service some new cars of a distinct type for use on the suburban line between Newport and Fall River. The cars came in on Wednesday and are now ready for use, there being five in all, enough to displace all the winter cars on the line. The new cars are of the convertible type, being adapted to either warm or cool weather, and are of steel construction. They are furnished in rattan, thus displacing the old and unsanitary plush. The improvement over the old rattletraps which have been falling to pieces for some time, is very marked.

The police are getting after the small shops that have kept open all day Sunday and have apparently recognized no difference between that and other days except that business was better on Sunday because the larger stores would be closed. All have been notified that they must close by 10 o'clock on Sundays.

The fast basketball team of the Rogers High School is attracting attention all over New England. They have a good claim to the championship of this section of the country.

Mayor Boyle and City Sergeant Mumford have been hors du combat this week, grip having made its inroads into their systems.

The annual meeting of DeBlois Council, R. & S. M., will be held on Tuesday evening, March 10th.

Mr. Charles R. Peabody of Providence has been in the city this week.

The Beach Traffic.

The article in the MERCURY last week on the proposed extension of the tracks of the Newport & Providence Street Railway Company to the Beach has attracted much attention from all classes of people in Newport, and only favorable comment on the proposition has been heard. Most persons concede that such a line could not possibly be operated during the winter months without losing every penny that was earned during the summer and probably entailing an actual loss on the year's business.

Those who have discussed the plan believe that it is the best means of securing improved traffic conditions for the Beach business next summer. There is no reason to believe that the Bay State Railway will be in any better shape to handle the crowds than it was last year, when its facilities were absolutely inadequate to carry the people who wanted to ride to the Beach. Bath road was congested with street cars practically all the time and the neighbors, as well as those who wished to use the street for ordinary traffic of carriages and automobiles, became highly indignant.

The Newport & Providence Railway has been intelligently managed, and a consistent effort has been made to accommodate the public. There is no reason to suppose that their methods would be changed by giving them a substantial part of the Beach traffic to handle, but that they would run to accommodate the vast number of Newporters and strangers who are desirous of getting to the Beach as quickly and comfortably as possible. There is no question but that the lack of suitable transportation facilities has been a bad handicap to the Beach, and the need of an improvement before another summer is very great.

The End of Winter.

March comes in to-morrow. It will have to go some to approach the record of February for bad weather, which has been about the worst on record in Newport. It is very seldom that we have as much steady cold weather with snow as we have had in the past few weeks, and when it is remembered that the temperature has twice been below the zero mark it means real winter. The sleighing has been excellent on most streets for nearly two weeks now, and may continue for some time yet. On Broadway where the street railway plows cleared the snow, the going is pretty bad for sleighs but on other streets it is excellent as the snow is packed down to almost solid ice.

The icemen have completed the filling of their houses and have an ample supply to go through the summer without buying a pound outside the city. It has been a hard winter for harvesting a crop, because of the trying weather, but the ice was there and it was finally stored away.

The next few weeks will see some big changes in the condition of the roadways and sidewalks about the city, as the frost comes out of the ground. Some of the sidewalks have not cracked a particle since they were laid, while others have disintegrated badly. It looks this spring as if there might be more than the usual amount of damage because some walks that have not cracked heretofore seem to be already somewhat displaced and it is doubtful if they will settle back without cracking. The heavy freeze in January, followed by the long warm spell, gives Newport all the troubles of two spring seasons.

The March session of the Superior Court will open in this city next Monday. There are some cases assigned for trial at this session, but they are not very many, and according to present indications it will not be as busy as some of its predecessors. There is some business for the grand jury to consider, but there has been comparatively little crime in the county since the December session. Grand jurors will report Monday morning, but there will not be anything for the petit jurors to do on that day probably.

Lent began last Wednesday and from now until Easter special services will be held in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches. Easter falls this year on April 12th, which is about the average. Sometimes it has fallen in March, but this seems very early and decidedly winterish for the great spring holiday.

Several drafts have been sent from the Training Station to augment the forces on the Atlantic Fleet this week. As soon as the weather permits the practice marches of the apprentices will be resumed.

The committee on new police station is still at work on plans and will have something to offer for the consideration of the aldermen and council before long.

A number of Newporters attended the luncheon in Providence on Tuesday to advance the temperance cause. Some excellent speakers were heard.

Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Carr observed yesterday their silver wedding anniversary, a number of relatives and friends dropping in during the day to extend their hearty congratulations. There was no attempt at a formal function, but all who came were welcome, "open house" being kept throughout the day.

Mr. Carr married Miss Abbie A. Tew on February 27th, 1889, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Samuel I.

MR. and MRS. JOHN S. CARR.

Carr, father of the groom, at his residence on Third street. Mr. Carr was then a substitute letter carrier at the Newport Post-office, and within a short time was made a member of the permanent force, being now in his twenty-fourth year as a permanent carrier. He was first appointed as a substitute by the late Postmaster Thomas Coggeshall, a man for whom he has always had a warm admiration.

Mr. Carr has long been a member of Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F., and takes a deep interest in the organization. Both he and Mrs. Tew are descendants of old Newport families, the Carrs and the Tews having been prominent here for many generations, and they have a host of friends. They have one son, Mr Samuel T. Carr, who lives at home, and Mrs. Carr's mother, Mrs. Joshua A. Tew, now in her eighty-ninth year, also makes her home with them.

Mr. Carr's associations with the MERCURY, like those of many other Newporters, date from his boyhood days. He carried a paper route from this office for a number of years, and when he grew big enough to have powerful sinews in his back he used to come in and turn the wheel on the old-time hand press that ground the paper off every Friday night. It was back-breaking work and the old press soon after gave place to one operated by steam, and later electrical power was substituted.

Preparations have been made for a sledding carnival on Honeyman Hill road in Middletown this afternoon if weather conditions are good. Physical Director Slocum of the Y. M. C. A. has the affair in charge and intends to have various contests as well as plenty of plain old-fashioned sledding. A few double runners have been seen out on the city streets, but not anything like the number that there used to be twenty years or more ago. At that time Mann avenue and other sledding streets would be black with young folks in the evening.

It seems probable that Congress will make generous appropriations for the Torpedo Station this year, no less than $1,000,000 being promised, a large part of which will be used for the manufacture of new torpedoes.

Mr. Elijah Baxter is visiting his daughter in East Charlemont, Mass.

Mr. Charles E. Morrison is enjoying his annual vacation.

Washington's Birthday.

There was a general closing up in observance of Washington's Birthday this year, rather more than there has been in the past. As the day fell on Sunday, the general observance was on Monday, when all the banks and public offices and most of the places of business were closed for the entire day. It really seemed much like Sunday on Thames street, except for the fact that the moving picture theatres were open and were doing a land-office business. At one time Thames street sidewalk was blocked for a long distance by the crowds waiting to get into one of the theatres.

There was no street parade, as it has been learned by past experience that the condition of the streets on Washington's Birthday is not conducive to parading. This year the snow was unusually deep, and it would have been very hard marching indeed. The gun squad of the Newport Artillery fired a national salute, at noon, and salutes were also fired from the saluting batteries at the various government stations here.

The annual ball of the Newport Artillery was held at Masonic Hall on Monday evening, and was a brilliant affair. The hall was very attractively decorated, and handsome and novel programmes furnished by this office, were in use. Refreshments were served throughout the evening. Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. A. A. Sherman led the grand march, and dancing continued until a late hour to music by Knowe's orchestra.

Patriotic Societies Celebrate.

The Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, observed the anniversary of the birth of George Washington on Saturday evening last by a reception at the residence of Col. and Mrs. Edward A. Sherman, and the next day attended divine service at Trinity Church. They were accompanied by their ladies and by the members of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., at both of these affairs.

Washington's Birthday really fell on Sunday, which made the church service particularly appropriate. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, who is also the Chaplain of the Sons of the Revolution, had extended an invitation to the members of the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution to attend the morning service, and a large number responded. The Sons met at the Y. M. C. A. and marched to the church, their flag being carried at the head of the line. Special seats were reserved for them, and Mr. Hughes preached a sermon particularly appropriate to the day.

The reception at the residence of the President on Saturday evening was well attended, and a delightful evening was passed. Colonel and Mrs. Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Titus composed the receiving line, and officers of the Society acted as ushers. Refreshments were served, and later a number of the younger people enjoyed a dance in the large drawing room.

Methodists Want Mr. Cooper

At the fourth quarterly conference of the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, it was unanimously voted to request that Rev. Joseph Cooper be returned as pastor for another year. Officers and committees were elected as follows:

Stewards—B. F. Thurston, H. C. Bacheller, Frederick Weir, Lewis J. Norton, Alfred W. Chase, George H. Young, William H. Arnold, Clarence Stanhope, Charles H. Taber, Edwin O. Andrews, John Thompson, John A. Young, Marion S. Olivea, John P. Peckham, Arnold H. James, James Simpson, William Loftus, George B. Popple, George M. Simpson, Montague Howatt.

Recording Steward (Treasurer)—John P. Peckham.

District Steward—Henry C. Bacheller.

Trustees—J. W. Horton, T. T. Pitman, R. C. Bacheller, Edward O. Riggs, John A. Hazard, T. Fred Kaull, R. S. Burlingame, John P. Peckham.

Delegates to Laymen's Association—T. Fred Kaull, B. F. Thurston.

Reserve Delegates—H. C. Bacheller, J. W. Horton.

A long legal contest has apparently come to an end by a decision handed down this week by Judge Brown in the Superior Court denying the application for a new trial in the case of Attorney General vs. Barclay Hazard. This was a Middletown case, involving the right of way to Sachuest Point, Mr. Hazard claiming that he had the right to shut off the point, while it was claimed for the town that a right of way had existed from time immemorial. The case has been pending in the courts for years and finally came to trial last December, when a jury found a verdict in favor of the town. A petition for a new trial was filed, and has now been denied. It is possible that this may end the case, or it may go further yet.

Plans are being made for a large celebration of St. Patrick's Day in this city by a large number of local societies.

New Officers of Chapter.

The one hundred and eighth annual convocation of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, was held on Thursday evening when officers were elected and installed for the year. R. E. James H. Thurston, Deputy Grand High Priest, presided over the election and installed the officers, assisted by Wilbur A. Scott as Grand Master of Ceremonies and William H. Langley as Grand Chaplain.

DONALD E. SPEARS
High Priest.

The new officers are as follows:

High Priest—Donald E. Spears.
King—Karl Bostel.
Scribe—J. Irving Shepley.
Treasurer—Andrew K. McMahon.
Secretary—George C. Lawton.
Chaplain—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.
Captain of Host—David Davis.
Principal Sojourner—William H. Bevans.
Royal Arch Captain—Robert S. Burlingame.
Master of the Third Veil—Rexford A. Nash.
Master of the Second Veil—Harry A. Curtis.
Master of First Veil—Charles Cowles.
Senior Steward—Joseph W. Sampson.
Junior Steward—Thomas E. Sherman.
Musical Director—Daniel U. Beone.
Sentinel—Edward E. Taylor, Jr.
Trustee For Three Years—William H. Lee.

Recent Deaths.

William H. H. Barker.

Mr. William H. H. Barker, for the past seventeen years gatekeeper at Poplar and Fourth streets, died at his home on Third street on Wednesday afternoon, in his seventy-third year. He had been rather feeble for some time and for the past few weeks had failed steadily.

Mr. Barker was a veteran of the Civil War, having served as a sergeant in the Fourth Rhode Island. He was afterward engaged in business as a boatbuilder on Long wharf, but of late had been employed as crossing tender. He was faithful to his trust and never had serious opposition at the annual council meeting. He was an active member of St. John's Lodge, F. & A. M., and of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and both of these organizations will attend the funeral on Sunday.

He is survived by a widow and five grown children.

Wedding Bells.

Currier—Thompson.

Miss Alice C. Thompson, only daughter of Mr. Samuel S. Thompson, was united in marriage to Mr. James S. Currier of this city, the ceremony being performed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Leonard on Greenough place by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes last Saturday evening. The bride was attended by Miss Alma Sessions of Newton Center, Mass., as bridesmaid, and was given in marriage by her father. Mr. George S. Ward was the best man.

A reception followed at the home of Mr. Thompson on Broadway, after which Mr. and Mrs. Currier left on their wedding trip. They will make their home in Newport on their return, the groom being a draughtsman at the Torpedo Station.

Mr. Augustus H. Swan will give a recital in Masonic Hall next Monday evening, having returned from Beaver, Pa., to Newport to make his home. The programme is an interesting one and promises a treat to lovers of music.

Mr. John Hodgson, a former well known resident of Newport, died in Montgomery, Alabama, last Saturday after a very brief illness. He had made his home in the South for the past six years.

Mr. William P. Sheffield and Mr. William P. Buffum have returned from their Southern trip.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Epworth League meeting will be omitted this week on account of the fourth and last quarterly conference which will be held at the Methodist parsonage.

The first Grange Sunday in this section was observed upon Washington's birthday at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners. In response to the invitation sent to the Granges of Newport County, five of the six organizations composing the Newport County Pomona Grange attended the afternoon service, filling almost completely the large auditorium which was reserved for their use. The regular congregation occupied the large adjoining Sunday School rooms and reception room, many also standing at the rear of the church. The Grange members wore their badges, and as far as possible were seated with the associates of their local orders. The service was a fine blending of patriotism and Grange precepts. The Bible reading related to "Charity," and the pastor, Rev. Edward E. Wells, who is Chaplain of Aquidneck Grange, preached an inspiring sermon.

The large gathering was slow in disbanding, large numbers remaining to exchange greetings and to go over the church. Rev. Mr. Wells has become favorably known through his attendance at "Neighbor's Nights" at the various Granges and much appreciation was expressed for the opportunity of meeting him in his own church.

At the evening service in place of the usual talk by the pastor, Mr. Fred P. Webber and Mrs. Reuben Wallace Peckham gave two Bible readings.

The attendance for two weeks at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel has been very small, the most of the roads leading to the church being in poor condition. The Ash Wednesday service was omitted on this account and the special services through Lent will follow the weekly meetings of St. Columba's Guild on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The Ash Wednesday service at the Church of the Holy Cross was held in the evening.

The six schools were closed Monday in observance of Washington's Birthday which was celebrated by some on Saturday by the holding of family parties.

The young people of Aquidneck, many of them officers, gave a most successful presentation on Tuesday evening of the well known three act comedy "A Scrap of Paper." The town hall held one of the largest audiences seen there in years, and the applause was so continuous as to call the full cast before the curtain. Those taking part were Wm. J. R. Taber as Prosper Couramont—Joseph Murphy, — as Baron de La Glaciere—George L. Sisson as Brisemouche, landed proprietor and naturalist—Harold Peckham as Anatol—Dennis J. Murphy, Jr. as Baptiste—Vanio Vanicek as Francis—Miss Agnes D. Murphy as the Baroness de La Glaciere,—Miss Sarah A. E. Peckham—as Mlle. Susanne de Ruserville,—Miss Marie Vanicek as Mathilde—Miss Ethel Cummings as Mlle Zonoble,—Miss Helen Coggeshall as Madame Dupont—and Miss Mary Manchester as Pauline. Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham acted as coach, assisted by Mr. Peckham and Mrs. Wm C. Hubbell. Knowe's Orchestra of Newport furnished music throughout the evening and also for the dancing which concluded the evening. Home-made candy found a ready sale and also fruit punch and wafers, the latter in charge of Mrs. Harry E. Peckham and Miss Nellie R. Peckham. There was a large attendance of Grangers both from Portsmouth and Aquidneck Granges, also many from Newport.

The afternoon speaker at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday at 2.45 will be Rev. A. B. Cristy, superintendent of the Rhode Island Anti Saloon League.

The Public School Committee held its monthly meeting on Wednesday evening instead of the regular date, Tuesday Feb. 17, owing to the unsafe condition of the roads at that time.

The speaker at the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange on Thursday evening was Dr. Burt L. Hartwell, chemist at the Kingston Experiment Station and for a number of years teacher at the College. He ably presented the subject, "The Needs of Soils," and the frequent questions asked made of it a sort of round table talk, which was what Dr. Hartwell had requested at the opening of his remarks. The male portion of the members gathered about him during the Lecturer's Hour and continued the discussion up to the time of his departure.

Messrs. John Nicholson and William J. Peckham were appointed delegates to represent this Grange at the "Agricultural Round-up" to be held by the State Board of Agriculture in Providence on March 11 and 12. Musical selections were rendered during the Lecturer's Hour by Miss Agnes Murphy and Miss Marie Vanicek. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. Henry C. Sherman, who has been treasurer of Aquidneck Grange since its organization in 1893, was reported as confined to his home by a broken wrist, the result of a fall from a ladder in his barn on Monday. His right wrist was also badly sprained. Mr. Sherman has always been an active man and as he is nearing the age of seventy years, his being housed is likely to prove a great hardship.

It seems likely that Newport will have a place in the new baseball league that is being planned for Southern New England, to be known as the Colonial League. It is planned to start with six cities and all will be within easy distance so that visiting teams can return to their homes the same night if desired. The rank will be about the same as that of the New England League.

Mrs. John E. Geraghty has been in Newport this week to visit her mother, Mrs. Amos Tuck French.

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By

REX BEACH

Author of

"The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.

Kirk Anthony Is Surprised.

KIRK was delayed but an instant by the customs officials, then made his way out through a barnlike structure to the cable office, where he wrote a message, only to have it refused.

"We don't send C. O. D.," the operator told him.

"Must have coin in advance, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"I left my gold purse on the dresser," Kirk said cheerfully. "I'll be back later." Then he wandered forth again, resolved to enlist the services of the American consul.

After some wandering he found the consul's house and knocked at the door, whereupon a high pitched, querulous voice from inside cried:

"Come in, Dammit, don't stand there hammering!"

Kirk entered to find a huge, globular man clad in soiled linens sprawled in a musty Morris chair and sipping a highball. The man's face and neck were of a purplish, apoplectic hue; he seemed to radiate heat waves like a base burner.

"Is this Mr. Weeks?" Kirk inquired.

"That's me."

"My name is Anthony."

"Glad to meet you," wheezed the fat man, extending a limp, moist hand without rising. When Kirk had grasped it he felt like wiping his own palm.

"Have a seat." The speaker indicated a broken backed rocker encumbered with damp clothes, newspapers and books. "Just dump that rubbish on the floor; it don't matter where." Then he piped at the top of this thin, little voice: "Zeolah! Hey, Zeolah! Bring some more ice."

In answer to Mr. Weeks' shout a slatternly negress with dragging skirts and overrun shoes entered, carrying a wash bowl partly filled with ice.

"Just get in, Mr. Anthony?"

"Yes, sir, on the Santa Cruz."

"Fine ship." Mr. Weeks rose ponderously and wiped out a glass with a bath towel.

"You'll like that," he predicted. "There's one good thing we get in

"Is this Mr. Weeks?"

Colon and that's whisky." With a palsied hand he presented the glass.

"I came in to ask a favor," Anthony announced. "I suppose every tourist does the same."

"That's a part of a consul's duty," Mr. Weeks panted, while his soft cheeks swelled with every exhalation. "That's what I'm here for."

"I want to cable home to my father for money."

"A little poker game on the way down, eh?" He began to shake ponderously.

"I'm broke, and they won't take a collect message at the cable office. You see, I didn't know I was coming; some of my friends gave me a knockout and shipped me off on the Santa Cruz. The wireless wasn't working, we didn't stop at Jamaica, so this is my first chance to get word home."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Cable for me and see that I have a place to stop until I get an answer."

A look of distrust crept slowly into the consul's little eyes. He began to complain. "I don't know you, Mr.—what's the name again? Anthony? I'm a poor man, and I've been an easy mark for every tropical tramp from Vera Cruz to Guayaquil. Your father may not be able to help you, and then I'll be holding the bag."

"I think you don't understand who he is. Did you ever hear of Darwin K. Anthony of Albany, N. Y.?"

Mr. Weeks' thick lids opened, this time to display a far different emotion.

"Certainly. Why didn't you say so?" he bubbled. "I'm here to accommodate folks like you. Darwin K. Anthony! Well, rather! I'll cable him myself, and you'll stay right here as my guest. Delighted to have the privilege."

Kirk cast another glance over the frowzy place and demurred hastily. "Really, I couldn't think of putting you out. I can stay on the Santa Cruz as well as not."

"I couldn't hear to such a thing. You're tired of ship life—everybody is—and I have lots of room—too much room. Have another highball."

"No, I thank you."

"Darwin— Say, I'll send a cart for your baggage right now."

"I have it with me—six shirts, all guilty."

"Then I'll send your father a message this minute. I'm delighted at the privilege of being the first to advise him of your safety and to relieve his mental anguish."

In a moment he read what he had written:

Darwin K. Anthony, Albany, N. Y.:
Your son well and safe. Here as my guest. Asks you cable him money for return.
WEEKS,
American Consul.

"That tells the story. It'll please him to know I'm looking after you, my boy. I'm glad to get in touch with your father. We need capital in this country."

"He's a hard man in money matters," said Darwin K. Anthony's son. "I believe I enjoy the distinction of being the only person who ever made him loosen."

"All successful men are cautious," Weeks declared. "But if he knew the wonderful opportunities this country presents"— The speaker leaned forward, while his chair creaked dangerously, and tried to interest Kirk in Panama possibilities.

"My boy, there's a thousand ways to get rich down here, and I know 'em all. What I need is capital. Why, talk about quick money"—the speaker thrust forth a finger that looked like a peeled banana—"I've got a gold mine"—

"Not a bit like it." Kirk shook his head. "They don't behave."

"This one will. It's an old Spanish mine and hasn't been worked for three centuries. If he doesn't like that we'll get him a street railway franchise. I'm close to the government, and there isn't a steel rail in any city of the republic. I know all the Spiggoty politicians."

"The what?"

"The Spiggoties! That's what we call the Panamanians. They 'no spiggoty English,' understand?"

"It's a funny name."

"Now, my boy, there's one thing I want you to be careful of. Don't let some of these fellows around here get you excited. This country is full of promoters, cheap skates and that sort, and they'll try to stampede you into some investment. You trust to me; I'm conservative. I'll put you up at the club, and when you get straightened around we'll talk business. Meanwhile I'll send this cable."

Mr. Weeks was even better than his word. He put up his guest at the club and invited some of his friends to join them for dinner that evening on the wide balcony; then, noting Anthony's heavy clothing, he said:

"You need some linens, Kirk. That suit looks like a dog bed. You don't mind my calling you Kirk, do you? There's a Chinese tailor on Bottle alley who'll have you a suit to measure by noon tomorrow, and he only charges $7, goods and all."

Accordingly the two journeyed to Bottle alley and selected some linen, whereupon instead of one suit the consul ordered three, having them charged to his account.

Kirk really enjoyed that evening at the Wayfarers' club, for once the cool of evening had come the place filled up rapidly with as fine a crowd of men as he had ever met. There were young fellows from the railroad offices, merchants from the town, engineers from the BIG JOB, the proximity of which made itself felt like a mysterious presence. They were all men with work to do; there were no idlers; there was no class distinction. One topic of conversation prevailed.

Weeks did himself credit as a host. Both the food and the wine were well served, and the consul's half dozen guests soon became mellowed and friendly. When finally they arose some one proposed a game of draw poker and insisted upon Kirk's joining. He was about to refuse when Weeks drew him aside to say:

"Don't let the money question stand in your way, Kirk. You're my guest, and your I. O. U. is as good as a government bond, so go as far as you like."

A considerable portion of Anthony's time in college had been devoted to a course in draw poker. But he soon found that these men had forgotten more about the game than he could ever hope to learn at any university, and when the crowd broke up at midnight he signed his name to a tab for $40.

Early the next day the following cablegram was left at the American consulate:

Weeks, Consul, Colon:
Anthony absent, returns Friday.
COPLEY.

"Copley is the governor's secretary," Kirk explained. "That means that I'll miss the Santa Cruz and have to wait another week."

"I'm delighted," the consul said heartily.

"Perhaps you could stake me to a ticket. I'll remit when I get to New York."

"My pay isn't due for a fortnight," Weeks explained after an instant's hesitation. "You see, I'm interested in so many ventures it keeps me—well, broke. Anyhow, you can't go until we have arranged an investment for your father."

Not wishing to embarrass his host, he refrained from pressing the matter and resigned himself as best he could to an extension of his exile. Meanwhile he decided to visit the canal. But his plans were upset by the weather. On the following day it began to rain, and it continued to rain day and night thereafter until Colon became a sodden, dripping horror. The soil melted into a quagmire, the streets became sluices, the heavens closed down like a leaden pall, and the very air became saturated. It was hot also and sticky.

It was too much for Kirk, and he deferred his trip over the "line," spending his time instead at the Wayfarers' club. In his daylight hours he listened to Weeks' unending dissertations upon the riches of the tropics. At night he played poker with such uniform bad luck that his opponents developed for him an increasing affection.

But all things have an end, and Friday morning broke clear and hot.

"We'll hear from the old gentleman today sure," he told Weeks at breakfast. "He's regularity itself. The train dispatchers set their watches by him." He then declared his determination to avail himself of the good weather and see something of the town. The prospect of squaring his account with the fawning fat man filled him with relief, and once away from the consulate he stayed until late in the afternoon. It was nearly dark when he strolled in to inquire:

"Well, did you get an answer?"

"Yes. Here's the message; read it yourself."

Kirk read as follows:

Weeks, Consul, Colon:
Your guest an impostor. Have no son.
ANTHONY.

"Well, I'll be blanked!" he ejaculated. "This is a joke!"

Weeks was beginning to pant. "A joke, hey? I suppose it was a joke to impose on me?"

"Don't you believe I'm Kirk Anthony?"

"No, I do not. I just discovered today that your name is Jefferson Locke. Stein told me."

Anthony laughed lightly.

"Oh, laugh if you want to. You're a smooth article, but you happened to select the wrong millionaire for a father this time, and I'm going to give you a taste of our Spiggoty jails."

"You can't arrest me. You offered to take me in."

"You can't get out of it that way," cried Weeks at the top of his little voice. "I've fed you for a week. I put you up at my club. That very suit of clothes you have on is mine."

"Well, don't burst a seam over the matter. My governor doesn't know the facts. I'll cable him myself this time."

"And live off me for another week, I suppose? Not if I know it! He says he has no son. Isn't that enough?"

"He doesn't understand. Will you lend me enough money to cable again?"

"More money? NO!" fairly screamed the other. "You get out of my

"You get out of my house!"

house, Mr. Kirk Anthony, and don't you show yourself around here again. I'll keep the rest of your wardrobe."

To the indignant amazement of Mr. Weeks, Kirk burst into a genuine laugh, saying:

"All right, landlord, keep my baggage. I believe that's the custom, but—oh, gee! This is funny." He was still laughing when he reached the public square, for at last he had begun to see the full humor of Adelbert Higgins' joke.

Facing for the first time in his life an instant and absolute need of money Kirk found himself singularly lacking in resource, and a period of sober contemplation brought him no helpful thought. Perhaps, after all, he decided, his best course would be to seek relief from the Cortlandts. Accordingly he strolled into the offices of the steamship company near by and asked leave to telephone. But on calling up the Hotel Tivoli in Panama city he was told that his friends were out, nor could he learn the probable hour of their return.

It was growing dark. From farther down the water front the lights of the Wayfarers' club shone invitingly, and Kirk decided to appeal there for assistance. But as he neared the place he underwent a sudden change of heart. Slowly mounting the stairs ahead of him like a trained hippopotamus was the colossal, panting figure of the American consul, at sight of which Kirk's pride rose up in arms and forbade him to follow.

A band was playing in the plaza when he came back—a very good band, too—and, finding a bench, he allowed his mind the relief of idly listening to the music. The square was filling with Spanish people, who soon caught and held his attention, for every imaginable variety of mongrel breed looked out from the loitering crowd. But no matter what the racial blend, black was the fundamental tone.

Round and round the people walked to the strains of their national music, among them dozens upon dozens of the ever present little black and tan policemen, who constitute the republic's standing army.

As the evening drew on Kirk became conscious of an unwonted sensation. He began to wonder whether a fast of twenty-four hours would seriously weaken a man, and, rather than make the experiment, he again called up the Tivoli, rejoicing anew in the fact that there was no toll on Isthmian messages. But again he was disappointed. This time he was told that the Cortlandts were doubtless spending the night out of town with friends.

CHAPTER VI.

The Reward of Merit.

SOON after Kirk's second return to the park the concert ended, the crowd melted away, and he found himself occupying a bench with a negro of about the same age as himself. For perhaps an hour the two sat there hearkening to the dying noises of the city; then Kirk, unable to endure the monotony longer, turned sharply on his companion and said:

"Why don't you go home?"

"Oh, boss, I got no home!"

Kirk reflected that he had found not only the right place, but also fitting company for his vigil.

"What does a person do in that case?" he asked.

"Oh, he goes to work, sar!"

"For the night, I mean. Are you going to stay here until morning?"

"Yes, sar, if the policeman will h'admit of it."

The fellow's dialect was so strange that Kirk inquired, "Where did you come from?"

"Jamaica, sar. I was barn on the narth coast of the h'island, sar."

"Did you just arrive here?"

"Oh, Lard, no! I 'ave been a liver here for two year. Sometimes I labor on the docks, again in the h'office. Lahst week lose I my position, and today my room h'also. Landladies is bad females, sar, very common."

"Well, it seems we're in the same boat this beautiful evening. I have no place to sleep, either."

"Oh, chot me true, mon."

"I am chatting you true. I'm an outcast of fortune like yourself."

"Such talk! You make I laugh this house. Praise God, you h'appear like a gentleman."

"I trust this little experience will not permanently affect my social standing. By the way, what is your name?"

"H'Allan."

"Hallan?"

"No, sar—h'Allan."

"Is that your first or last name?"

"Both, sar—h'Allan h'Allan."

"Mr. Allan Allan, you're unusually dark for a Scotchman," said Kirk gravely. "Now, speaking as one gentleman to another, do you happen to know where we can get a hand-out?"

"'And-out?" inquired the puzzled negro.

"Yes; a lunch. Can't you lead me to a banana vine or a breadfruit bakery? I'm starving. I must get something into my stomach—it's as flat as a wet envelope."

The Jamaican rose, saying: "Step this way, please. I know the place where a very good female is. Per'aps she will make us a present."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, not too far," Allan replied optimistically, and Kirk hopefully followed him.

But at the opposite side of the square they were halted by a sudden commotion which drove all thoughts of food out of their minds. From a building across the street issued a bugle call, upon which an indescribable confusion broke forth. Men began running to and fro; a voice in authority shouted orders, each of which was the signal for another bugle call. Through the wide open doors the Panamanians could be heard, scurrying around a hose cart, apparently in search of clothes.

"Oh, look, boss!" Allan cried quickly. "There must be a 'flagration."

"It's a Spiggoty hose company, as I live. Come on!"

Already a glare could be seen above the crowded portion of the city, and the two set off in that direction at a run, leaving the bugle sounding in the rear and the gallant firemen still wrestling with their uniforms. They had nearly reached the fire when around a corner back of them, with frightful speed and clangor, came a modern automobile fire truck, clinging to which was a swarm of little brown men in red shirts and helmets. Without a pause the Yankee machine whizzed on up the street, its gong clanging, its occupants holding on for dear life, the peaceful inhabitants of Colon fleeing from its path.

Kirk and his guide fell in behind and jogged to the scene of the conflagration.

A three storied building was already half gutted. Out of its windows roared long, fiery tongues. The structure snapped and volleyed a chorus to the sullen monotone of destruction. The street was littered with the household belongings of the neighborhood. On all sides was a bedlam which the arrival of the firemen only augmented. The fire captains shouted orders to the buglers, the buglers blew feebly upon their horns, the companies deployed in obedience to the buglers. Then everybody waited for further directions.

Again the trumpet sounded, whereupon each fireman began to interfere with his neighbor. A series of quarrels arose as couplings were made or broken. Then, after an interminable delay, water began to flow as if by a miracle; but, except in rare instances, it failed to reach the flames. A ladder truck, drawn by another excited company, now rumbled upon the scene, its arrival adding to the general disorder. Meanwhile the steady trade wind fanned the blaze to ever growing proportions.

"Why the devil don't they get closer?" Kirk inquired of his Jamaican companion.

"Oh, Lard, my God, it is too 'ot, sar, greatly too 'ot! It would take a stout 'eart to do such a thing."

"Nonsense! They'll never put it out this way. Hey!" Kirk attracted the attention of a nearby nozzleman. "Walk up to it. It won't bite you." But the valiant fire fighter held stubbornly to his post, while the stream he directed continued to describe a graceful curve and spatter upon the sidewalk in front of the burning building.

"You're spoiling that old woman's bed," Anthony warned him, at which a policeman with drawn club forced him back as if resentful of criticism.

For perhaps ten minutes there was no further change in the situation. Then a great shout arose as it was seen that the roof of an adjoining building had burst into flame. At this the fanfare of trumpets sounded again. Firemen rushed down the street, dragging a line of hose and drenching the onlookers. But, despite their hurry, they halted too soon, and their stream just failed to reach the blazing roof. By now the heat had grown really intense, and the more hardy heroes in the vanguard retreated to less trying positions. The voice of the crowd had arisen to a roar rivaling that of the flames.

Kirk pointed to the nearest fireman. "If he'd get up under that wall he could save the roof and be out of the heat. I can't stand this. Let's give him a hand, Allan."

"Very well, sar."

"Here! Help me get a kink in this hose. There! Now you hold it until you feel me pull." Kirk forced his way out through the crowd to find the fireman holding the nozzle, from which a feeble stream was dribbling, and mechanically directing it at the fire. Kirk laid hold of the canvas and, with a heave, dragged it along with its rightful guardian ten feet forward. But there had been no bugle blown order for this, and the uniformed man pulled backward with all his might, chattering at Kirk in Spanish.

"Well, then, let go." Anthony shook the Panamanikin loose, then ran forward across the street until he brought up at the end of the slack and felt the hose behind him writhe and swell as Allan released his hold. The next instant the negro was at his side, and the two found themselves half blistered by the heat that rolled out upon them. But the newly ignited roof was within range, and the stream they played upon it made the shingles fly.

The fireman they had despoiled began to drag at the hose from a safe distance, but when Kirk made as if to turn the nozzle upon him he scampered away amid the jeers of the crowd. A few moments later the American felt a hand upon his arm and saw an angry policeman who was evidently ordering him back. Behind him stood the excited nozzleman with two companions.

"He says you should return the 'ose where you found it," Allan translated.

"Leave us alone," Kirk replied. "You fellows help the others. We'll attend to this." More rapid words and gesticulations followed, in the midst of which a dapper young man in a uniform somewhat more impressive than the others dashed up, flung himself upon Anthony and endeavored to wrench the hose from his hands. Meanwhile he uttered epithets in broken English which the other had no difficulty in understanding. Kirk promptly turned the nozzle upon him, and the full force of Colon's water pressure struck him squarely in the stomach, doubling him up like the kick of a mule. Down the newcomer went, then half rolled, half slid across the street as the stream continued to play upon him.

"I guess they'll keep away now," laughed Kirk, as he turned back to his self appointed task.

But an instant later a half dozen policemen advanced in a businesslike manner, and their leader announced, "Come, you are under arrest!"

"Pinched—what for? We're doing a lot of good here."

"Come, queeck!"

"Oh, Lard, my God!" Allan mumbled. "I shall die and kill myself!"

"They won't do anything to us," Kirk assured him. "I've been pinched lots of times. We'll have to quit, though, and that's a pity. It was just getting good."

He surrendered the hose to a fireman, who promptly retreated with it to a discreet position, then followed his captors, who were now buzzing like bees.

"Don't get excited," he said to Allan, noting his frightened look. "They'll turn us loose all right."

But a moment after they were clear of the town he was surprised to see that the negro's captors had snapped "come alongs" upon him in spite of his repeated promises to go quietly. These handcuffs, Kirk saw, were of the type used upon desperate criminals, consisting of chains fitted with handles so contrived that a mere twist of the officer's hand would cut the prisoner's flesh to the bone. The men on each side of the Jamaican twisted stoutly, forcing the black boy to cry out in pain. He hung back, protesting:

"All right, sar, I'll come. I'll come."

But again they tightened their instruments of torture and their victim began to struggle. At this an evil faced man in blue struck him brutally upon the head with his club, then upon the shoulders, as if to silence his groans. The boy flung up his manacled hands to shield himself, and the light from a street lamp showed blood flowing where the chains had cut. The whole proceeding was so unprovoked, so sickening in its cruelty, that Kirk flew into a fury and, disregarding his own captors, leaped forward before the policeman could strike a third time. He swung his fist and the man with the club hurtled across the street as if shot from a bow, then lay still in the gutter. With another blow he felled one of the handcuff men, but at the same time other hands grasped at him and he was forced to lay about vigorously on all sides.

They rushed him with the ferocity of mad dogs, and he knocked them spinning, one after another. A whistle blew shrilly, other uniforms came running, more whistles piped and almost before he realized it he found himself in the center of a pack of lean faced brown men who were struggling to pull him down and striking at him with their clubs. With a sudden wild thrill he realized that this was no ordinary street fight; this was deadly...

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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1.06 p. m.	7.09 p. m.	4.45 p. m.	12.50 noon
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Time Table in Effect October 5, 1913.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 9.23 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 9.23 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 9.15, 11.00 a. m., 3.05, p. m.

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Bay State Street Railway Co

TIME TABLE

In effect September 9, 1912.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISBEE, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 168.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for

Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 20 min.), via Middletown (20 min.), Portsmouth (30 min.) Island Park (52 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.), *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *5.10, *5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR

Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40, every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR

Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52. (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

Note—*Does not run on Sunday.

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Were the old poets here today
We'd see some funny scenes,
With Burns and Pope extolling soap
And Shelley boosting beans.
—Pittsburgh Post.

Mr. Justwed—I'll be back in a moment, duckie. What is it, janitor?

The Janitor—I just called to tell you that you'll have to get rid of that duck, even if it is a pet. You ain't allowed to keep poultry in these apartments.—New York Globe.

Of the iron age we often hear
And the fabled age of gold,
But now the income tax brings near
An age of wealth untold.
—New York Sun.

THE N'ER-DO-WELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

he must beat off these fellows or be killed. But, as fast as he cleared them away, others appeared as if by magic, until a dozen or more were swarming upon him like hungry ants. Time and again they dragged him off his feet, only to have him shake them loose. But he was felled at last, and a moment later, with head reeling and wits flickering, he was dragged to his knees by handcuffs like those on Allan's wrists. The pain as the chains bit into his flesh brought him to his feet despite the blows and kicks that were rained upon him, crying hoarsely:

"Let me go, confound you! Let me go!"

But a wrench at the gyves took the fight out of him, for he felt that the bones in his wrists must surely be crushed. One side of his head was

He Swung His Fist, and the Man Hurtled Across the Street.

strangely big and numb. A warm stream trickled down his cheek, but he had no time to think of his condition for his assailants fell upon him with fresh fury and he reeled about, striving to shield himself. Every movement, however, was construed as resistance, and his punishment continued, until at last he must have fainted from pain or had his wits scattered by a blow on the head, for when he recovered consciousness he found himself in a filthy, ill lighted room, flung upon a wooden platform that ran along the wall, evidently serving as a bed. Near him Allan was huddled, his black face distorted with pain and ashen with apprehension.

"Where are we?" queried Anthony as he took in the surroundings.

"This is the prison, sar."

"Gee! I'm sick." Kirk lay back upon the platform and closed his eyes. "Did they hurt you much?"

"Oh, yes. Very considerably."

"Sorry I got you into it, Allan. I never thought they'd be so cranky." Again he groaned. "I want a drink."

"Let me get it. Those Spiggoties will not give it to you."

Allan went to the door and called to the guard. An instant later he returned with a tin cup.

"I guess they knocked me out," Kirk said dazedly. "I never was hit like that before—and jailed! Say! We must get out of here. Call the chief or the man in charge, will you? I can't speak the language."

"Please, sar, if you b'anger them they will beat us again."

"Beat! Not here?"

"Oh yes. They might kill us."

"They wouldn't do that!"

"A white man they killed lahst h'autumn, and several of my people have passed away in this prison. Nobody can 'ear nothing. Nobody knows what 'appens 'ere."

"Oh, well, they wouldn't dare touch us—I'm an American citizen. I'll notify the consul."

Roused at the mere suggestion, Kirk staggered to the door and shouted lustily. A sergeant appeared with the command to be quiet.

"Let me out of here!" loudly demanded the prisoner. "I want the chief, or the alcalde, or somebody in charge. I want to know what I'm booked for. I want to telephone—telephone, don't you understand—and arrange bail. Quick, now!"

But the officer merely frowned at him, obviously threatening a resort to force if this outburst did not cease at once. Then he went away. An hour passed, and he did not return. Then another hour followed, and Anthony, who had now begun to feel the effect of his drubbing more keenly, renewed his clamor, with the result that a half dozen policemen appeared. From their demeanor it looked as though they were really bent upon mischief, but Kirk soon saw that an official had come in answer to his call. He felt less reassured when he perceived that the person in uniform who now stepped forward was the same upon whom he had turned the hose earlier in the evening.

(TO Be Continued.)

Witty Retort.

The Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind chaplain of the house of representatives at Washington, had an idea at one time that he would prefer to be chaplain of the senate and went to see Speaker Cannon about it.

"What do you want to go over there for?" stormed the speaker. "The house is a flower garden and the senate is a graveyard."

"I know," replied the chaplain gently. "But one stays longer in a graveyard than in a flower garden."

Painters' Tragedies.

The painter Boecklin's wife would never allow her husband to bring a model to his studio. "That is the tragedy of my life," said Boecklin. "To create without a model is almost impossible, while to employ one would at once mean to break with my wife." The episode is recalled by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport in "Famous Artists and Their Models."

Another story is of Lucretia del Fede, the cold, unsympathetic, exacting woman who was adored, married and immortalized by Andrea del Sarto. She outlived her husband by many years, dying at the age of eighty-seven in 1570. Long after Del Sarto's death Jacopo di Empoli was one day engaged in copying "The Birth of the Virgin" in the Church of the Annunciation, Florence, when an old woman on her way to church stopped to watch his work and, pointing to the central figure in the painting, said, "That is my portrait." At eighty-six she was proud to proclaim herself the widow of the immortal artist to whom she had given so little peace when he was alive.

Good Tempered Turtles.

Place a number of different kinds and sizes of turtles in a small space and the forbearance which is exhibited might well be a lesson to man. Big and little will crawl about, heedless of each other's comfort or security from harm. A small painted terrapin, for instance, will clamber solidly over the head of a vicious snapper, and the chances are that the latter will merely duck its head or move to one side so that the claws of the former will not injure its eyes. There seems at such times a look of patient resignation or sullen submission, which would immediately change to savage resentment and fierce attack if a man made a hundredth part of the commotion. These creatures appear to be able to distinguish between "no offense meant" and intentional mauling. While they submit to the one, they will fight over the other, if fight has not been previously thrashed out of them.—Kansas City Star.

A Story of Labouchere.

Labouchere's popularity at Frankfort, according to his own account as given in "The Life of Labouchere," rested on a very simple basis. Great Britain was represented at the diet by Sir Alexander Malet, one of the most popular chiefs to be found in the service.

"But I was even more appreciated than my chief," he would relate, "and this is why: Sometimes there was a ball at the court, which we were expected to attend. At my first ball supper I found myself next to a grandee, gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out champagne. I shook my head, for I detest champagne. The grandee nudged me and said, 'Let him pour it out.' This I did, and he explained to me that our host never gave his guests more than one glass. 'So, you see, if I drink yours I shall have two.' After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at court suppers."

Stopped His Talking.

In the memoirs of Li Hung Chang the great Chinese viceroy, commenting on his visit to Russia, refers to the manner in which the czar and all the high officials appear to be surrounded by would be assassins. "I do not think I would like to exchange positions with the czar even to have the fine czarina as wife and my choice of the rarest tea," says the statesman. He adds the following anecdote, which seems to show that he would have been quite at home in the atmosphere of assassination which he believed to exist in St. Petersburg: "Once in Tientsin a low fellow came into my courtyard and told the banner captain in charge that he intended taking my life. He had a long piece of wire and said he was going to hang me to my own gateposts. I had to have his head cut off before he would stop talking."

Pen Picture of John Paul Jones.

John Paul Jones was something more than a sea fighter. After his great battle he knew brilliant days in Paris, where Queen Marie Antoinette paid him attention and invited him to sit beside her at the opera. All the great ladies ran after him, and quite a few seriously lost their hearts to him. An American woman who met him in Paris wrote this account of him: "He is small of stature, well proportioned, soft in his speech, easy in his address, polite in his manners, vastly civil, understands all the etiquette of a lady's toilet as perfectly as he does the mast, sails and rigging of his ship. Under all the appearance of this softness he is bold, enterprising, ambitious and active."

No Change.

The prince of Monaco, who, having had both an English and an American wife, knows whereof he speaks, said of marriage:

"Through marriage a Frenchwoman gains her liberty, an Englishwoman loses hers and an American woman continues to do as she likes."

Welcome Caller.

Visitor — What lovely furniture! Little Tommy—Yes. I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it. Anyway he's always calling.—London Tit-Bits.

Matrimonial.

Many a man who fears he will not win her after he knows her a little while fears he will.—New Orleans Picayune.

A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading.—Carlyle.

Evidently the great lakes need a windproof lid.

Perhaps the little brown hen is after a sealskin coat.

The stepping stones to success are mighty slippery.

Ecuador's yellow fever factory is working overtime.

For Your Baby.

The Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

is the only guarantee that you have the

Genuine

CASTORIA

prepared by him for over 30 years.

YOU'LL give YOUR baby the BEST

Your Physician Knows Fletcher's Castoria.

Sold only in one size bottle, never in bulk or otherwise; to protect the babies.

The Centaur Company, *Chas. H. Fletcher* Pres't.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our Rider Agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.* NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve your bicycle. We ship to *anyone* anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers.*

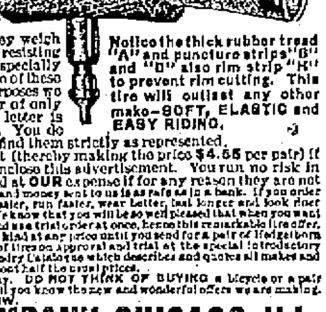
YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY $4.80

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.55).



NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

Nails, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing air to escape. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We will ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not need to pay a cent until you examine and find them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

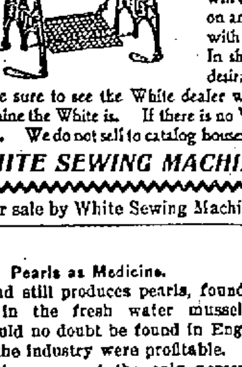
IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires and bicycle equipment and sundries at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It costs only a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

TRUE ECONOMY . . .

means the wise spending of one's money—making every dollar do full duty and getting in return an article that will satisfy you in every way.



The **WHITE.**

is a real bargain because it is sold at a popular price; because it gives you the kind of sewing you delight in; because it will turn out the work quickly and thoroughly and give you a life time of satisfactory service; because its improvements will enable you to do things which can't be done on any other machine; because it will please you with its fine finish and beauty of its furniture. In short you will find the White reliable and desirable from every point of view.

Be sure to see the White dealer who will be glad to show you how good a machine the White is. If there is no White dealer handy, write us direct for catalogs. We do not sell to catalog houses. Vibrator and Rotary Shuttle Machines.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO. CLEVELAND, O.

For sale by White Sewing Machine Company, of Boston, Mass.

Pearls as Medicine.

Scotland still produces pearls, found mainly in the fresh water mussel. They could no doubt be found in England if the industry were profitable.

Cleopatra was not the only person who swallowed a dissolved pearl. Until comparatively recently pearls were used medicinally in the west and still appear in the materia medica of China. According to one Chinese authority, a pearl, after being treated with pumice stone and honeycomb, mixed with the gall of a serpent, "might be drawn out to the length of three or four feet. Make it into pills and swallow them—henceforth food will be unnecessary."

The suggestion is not that the patient would be finished off, but that he would live, foodless, forever.—New York Sun.

It injures romance much, indeed,
In case a damsel sweet
Expects to get a tender screed
And gets a pound of meat.
—Kansas City Journal.

"Mother, when you married papa did you really love him?"

"Of course I did, my child. You don't suppose that my love for your father came after I got to know his bad habits?"—Detroit Free Press.

Followed the Style.

A rather fussy diplomatist called upon an admiral of the fleet and left his card. In the corner of which the letters E. P. were inscribed. Meeting the officer a few days later, the official inquired whether he had got the card.

"Oh, yes," replied the seaman; "I got it all right. But what was the meaning of the E. P.?"

"Why 'en personne,' of course. Perhaps you did not know that I left it myself."

In due time the diplomatist received the admiral's return card, with the letters S. B. N. in the corner. Having handed it around to all the members of his staff, none of whom could give any idea of its meaning, he applied to the sender.

"'Sent by nigger,'" was the reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

People do not lack strength. They lack will.—Victor Hugo.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139 Thames Street,

DEALER IN

Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s CLOTHING.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

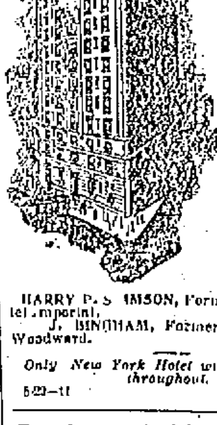
184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Hotel Cumberland

NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET



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Near Depots, Shops and Central Park

New & Fireproof

Strictly first Class. Rates Reasonable

2.50 with bath and up.

All hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes walk to 20 Theatres.

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HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.

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Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

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SHORTEST LINE TO

FLORIDA and SOUTHWEST

DIRECT ROUTE TO

Pinehurst, Camden, Jacksonville and all Florida Resorts.

Through Pullman trains without change. Cafe dining cars. Direct connection from New England points at New York and Washington. Tourists' tickets now on sale at reduced rates via all-rail or steamer and rail allowing stop-over privileges.

For booklets on winter resorts and schedules of trains apply to
CHAS. L. LONGSDORF, N. E. P. A.
360 Washington Street, Boston

GOLDBECK'S

Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anaemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
Newport R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels.

Common, 9c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushels.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works, will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
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Saturday, February 28, 1914.

General business has not been so dull in years in Providence as it is now. And yet the leading paper of that city says the Wilson tariff is all right.

There is no doubt now in the minds of all thinking people but that President Wilson has been wrong in his Mexican policy from the start. He has given aid and comfort to a bandit, and that bandit has turned and "stung" him. We are fast drifting to a position where we must lay a heavy hand on the entire gang.

Gov. Baldwin of Connecticut declares that railroad rates in Connecticut are unreasonably low. He says: "Some of our railroad men say this is leading to government ownership. I should be sorry to believe it. Connecticut cannot afford to risk government ownership of her railroad system, which would be a long step toward socialism".

It is refreshing to see one Democrat in high position who takes a wise view of things. Gov. Baldwin is right. Government ownership of public utilities of any kind is a sure prelude to socialism. Unfortunately there are too many men in his party imbued with that doctrine.

President Wilson's Mexican policy has been an egregious failure, and before the affair is settled liable to embroil us in serious complications with foreign nations. The cold blooded murder of an English subject by that Mexican bandit and murderer "General" Villa has stirred up Great Britian to a high pitch of excitement. Germany and Spain are also aggrieved at the murder by wholesale of their subjects, and Wilson sits calmly by and holds out to the Mexican brigand the encouragement of allowing him to come to the United States for arms and ammunition with which to carry on his campaign of rapine and murder. President Wilson refuses to recognize Huerta because he gained his power through the murder of Madero. How many murders has Villa committed might be a question for Wilson to ask. Huerta may have come into power by the murder of the former ruler through his connivance, but he seems to be a thousand times more humane than the rebel leader, and apparently the one man in sight with one particle of the ability to restore order in that benighted country. He should have been recognized by the Wilson administration long ago, and given all the moral support this country could give him.

The State Board of Roads

The state board of roads have been the subject of much criticism during the past months, much of which is undeserved. In the first place the men who make up this board are all well known citizens and no one can doubt their honesty. That they have made some mistakes is undoubtedly true. When this board was appointed road-building was an unknown science. It was to a large extent an experiment. Roads built of certain materials and in a certain manner, would stand in some parts of the State but not in others. The true method had to be learned by experience. The members of the board are not, and were not expected to be, practical road engineers. For that knowledge they had to depend on others. In their selection of engineers they may have been unfortunate. For it is evident that they have not at all times had the best. Then again they have been hampered by the General Assembly, which created many more miles of State roads than it was possible to build. Then began the demand from people in all parts of the State for their road to be built first. "In trying to please all" as far as in their power, the board built many pieces of roads in many parts of the State, an expensive mode of procedure for which the board cannot be wholly to blame. The General Assembly must shoulder a part of it, and the importunate citizens must shoulder a larger part of it.

Then came the Government inspector. He employed certain men to do the actual work of inspecting, and from their report he is supposed to have made his report to the Governor, but it is claimed and with apparently good authority that the finding of the men who actually did the practical work, does not justify any such report as the inspector made to the Governor; that he colored his findings to suit certain parties who had a grudge against the board, and were determined to get it removed in order to get a one-headed board located in the City of Providence.

The roads of the State built by this board have in the main been good roads and have stood up well. Some have fallen down to be sure, but the knowledge obtained by the board will enable it in the future to avoid the mistakes made in the past, and there is no good reason why they should be removed to make room for a one-headed board which would see only the needs of its own locality which would be in and around the City of Providence, while the rest of the State would be allowed to suffer. Let the board remain as it is. Let them alone to do the work without so much interference from outside, and then we have no doubt but that the State will get good results.

NEWPORT HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST.

Snappy Items of Local Interest Taken from the Files of the Newport Mercury of One Hundred, Fifty and Twenty-five Years Ago.

One Hundred And Thirty-one Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, April 24, 1783.]

THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

Yesterday being the time fixed upon for publishing the Proclamation of Peace in this town, the day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. At eleven o'clock the Sheriff of the County, with the civil and executive officers, and a number of respectable inhabitants, attended by a band of music, moved in procession from the Coffee House to the State House, where the proclamation was read by the Sheriff, three Huzzas given, and thirteen cannon discharged. A number of citizens dined in public and after dinner toasts were drank, attended by salutes of cannon. The day was spent in the highest festivity, joy sat smiling on the countenances, and sparkled in the eyes of every Whig.

To manifest their utter detestation to traitors and enemies of their country, that most infamous of all traitors, Arnold, was hung up in effigy on a gallows erected on the Parade, with this label on his breast, "Behold the traitor, Arnold." After hanging a proper time amid the hisses and reproaches of the multitude, the effigy was blown up and scattered to the four winds.

Also a number of Gentlemen from this and the neighboring towns dined at the house of Mr. John Lawton, where an elegant dinner was provided, and thirteen patriotic toasts drank, adapted to the occasion, and the day spent with the greatest good order, decency and decorum; every countenance displayed in the most lively and expressive manner the joy and gratitude of their hearts upon this most happy occasion; and what added to the glad tidings of peace was the prospect of once more beholding the metropolis of this State emerging from the scene of poverty and distress which it has so severely felt during the late contest.

Fifty Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, Feb. 27, 1864.]

STEAM FIRE ENGINES AGAIN.

We have seen a letter from a citizen of Cambridge to a gentleman in this city, giving his views as to the efficiency of steam vs. hand fire engines, and, as an illustration, the writer makes the following statements:

"Last Wednesday, during the existence of the fire at Gloucester, a fire was discovered issuing from the upper stories of 'Wood's Brick Block,' Cambridgeport. The fire originated from a stove, and had been probably burning nearly all night, as a dancing party was kept up in the hall until a late hour. The day, as you will remember, was piercing cold, with a gale from the W. N. W., point from which great fears were entertained would cause the entire destruction of the closely packed square. The department rallied and No. 4 (hand) soon had a stream on, being near their house, and succeeded with the aid of the slated roof, to keep the fire confined within the walls in which it originated. Little or no credit can be given the steamer, as she was soon placed hors du combat by freezing up. As I said before, the slated roof saved the building and prevented a conflagration like unto that of Gloucester. No one thanks the steamers, for it was and is the opinion of all that they were no account at that time."

Dr. W. Argyle Watson of this city, one of the volunteer surgeons in the Navy, has retired from the service on account of the state of his health, which has been impaired by almost constant service in the Gulf and West Indies since the outbreak of the war.

Washington's Birthday was appropriately celebrated in this city. The Artillery Company, Col. Stedman, paraded in the morning with fifty-five men and showed a commendable state of drill. Three hours were spent manouevering and firing with muskets, and at noon a national salute was fired from the six-pounders. In the evening the promised promenade concert and ball, under the direction of the Artillery Company, came off at Bellevue Hall, and we do not remember attending any previous one better conducted, or one more satisfactory in every way. The music by the Naval Band, under the direction of Mr. W. F. Marshall, was excellent; the ladies were dressed elegantly, too much so perhaps for the times; and the company was just large enough to fill the hall with dancers.

During the past year a number of vessels have been anchored in the waters surrounding this island, which were supplied with all the machinery for pressing oil from the fish caught by seining. The oil was all that was desired and the refuse was thrown into the waters, with the consequence that the waters have been poisoned in a great measure. Clams taken from the East River are wholly unfit for food, and it is supposed that the refuse thrown from these vessels has caused the bitter and unpalatable taste. We notice that a petition has been presented to the General Assembly to prevent this evil.

An order has been recently issued by the War Department consolidating the First, Second and Third Regiments of Cavalry belonging to this State, to be known as the 1st R. I. Cavalry. The injustice which this measure is likely to inflict has induced nearly every member of the General Assembly of this State to protest, and with the protest of His Excellency the Governor the order is likely to be revoked.

It is stated that there are but twelve cases of small pox among the colored troops on Dutch Island, and they are very light. Eight or ten have been removed to Portsmouth Grove Hospital.

Workmen are at present busy in stripping off the boards and taking up the floor, previous to its removal, of the old Catholic Church on Mount Vernon street. It was sold at auction last summer to Mr. Michael Butler, in Perry street who intends using the boards in the erection of small tenements, a class of homes new much needed.

A case of varioloid has appeared at the camp of the Third Cavalry on the Island of Jamestown. The Springfield Band have enlisted in this regiment.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, March 2, 1889.]

HYDROPHOBIA.

On Sunday last Ruth Allen Patterson, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Herbert Patterson, died of hydrophobia, after an illness of three days, at St. Mary's Parsonage, South Portsmouth.

She was bitten Monday, October 15, 1888, by an English pug dog, and suitable protective treatment was employed as soon as possible. Dr. W. Thornton Parker, of this city, urged that the child be immediately sent to Paris for inoculation by M. Pasteur, but anxious inquiry into the antecedents of the dog and its behaviour down to the time it was shot on the afternoon of the next day, appeared to warrant a belief that the animal was not rabid. It transpires, however, that within the same twenty-four hours it bit three other dogs which all sickened and died, or had to be killed, within one, three and four weeks. These latter facts never reached the child's father or the physician.

ELECTRICAL STREET CARS.

About fifty gentlemen went to Boston Thursday as guests of the Newport Horse Railroad Company. The number included His Honor, Mayor Coggeshall, and, thanks to the thoughtfulness of President Tilos of the local company, who was in charge of the party, the trip was a very pleasant one.

Arriving in Boston about ten o'clock the visitors were met by representatives of the Thompson-Houston Company, whose overhead system of electrical motive power is the most approved for street cars. At Bowdoin square the visitors were transferred to cars which, without the aid of horses or steam, bore them in comfort and with goodly speed to Cambridge and return. It required two cars and they were coupled together after the manner of steam cars. Stops were made at different intervals and the passengers were given every opportunity to study and acquaint themselves with this novel mode of transportation.

The party was later given a ride over the electrical roads of Lynn, a special car being provided for this purpose. This trip gave the best test of the street car motor of the day, and when it was completed not a single man in the whole party could be found who favored a horse railroad for Newport—it must be an electrical road.

VOTERS IN NEWPORT.

According to the voting list of Newport for 1889, there are 3,652 voters in the city of Newport, located by wards as follows: ward one, 525 registry voters, 325 taxpayers, total 850; ward two, 353 registry, 418 taxpayers, total 771; ward three, 262 registry, 295 taxpayers, total 557; ward four, 368 registry, 280 taxpayers, total 648; ward five, 378 registry, 378 taxpayers, total 756. Last year the number of names on the voting list was 3145, showing an increase this year of 437.

MASONIC ELECTION.

At the annual Convocation of Newport Royal Arch Chapter held Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

M. E. H. P.—William J. Huntington.
E. King—William E. Mumford.
E. Scribe—William H. Lee.
Chaplain—Overton G. Langley.
Treasurer—John B. DeBlois.
Secretary—R. E. Ara Hildreth.
Captain of the Host—Andrew J. DeBlois.
Principal Sojourner—Joseph Gibson.
Royal Arch Captain—Joseph W. Sampson.
M. of 3rd V.—F. T. Walters.
M. of 2nd V.—W. P. Denman.
M. of 1st V.—Noah Butts.
Stewards—William Riggs, W. H. Walcott.
Sentinel—J. G. Spingler.

The election was presided over and the officers installed by Deputy Grand High Priest Robert S. Franklin, assisted by Thomas E. Sherman as Grand Marshal.

$100,000 FOR GOAT ISLAND.

In the House of Representatives at Washington Thursday, the Senate amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill, appropriating $100,000 for a building for a War College on Goat Island in our harbor was concurred in. Mr. Boutelle opposed the appropriation and favored Coasters Harbor Island as the location, but to no purpose.

A very pleasant wedding was celebrated at the residence of Rev. Samuel I. Carr, 30 Third street. Wednesday evening, the high contracting parties being Mr John S Carr, son of the officiating clergyman, and Miss Abbie A. Tew. Between forty and fifty friends of the happy couple were present and excellent music was discoursed through the evening by the Atlantic Band orchestra, of which the groom is a member. The presents were both numerous and costly.

Canal Nearly Finished.

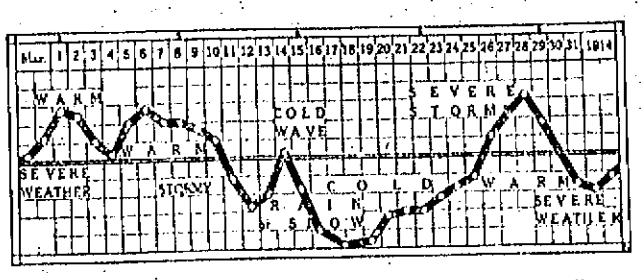
"Barring unforseen accidents, the Panama canal will be opened for commercial vessels July 1," says Col. Goethals. He further says: "We do not anticipate any further slides, although these may occur at any time. We have provided against them so far as possible, and as no slides of importance occurred when the water was turned in, the greatest danger is passed.

"The fortifications are practically completed. Engineering work for protection of Atlantic end has been finished and on the Pacific side almost finished. It practically will be impossible for any force to get within striking distance of the canal.

"I always have opposed exemption of American ships from tolls. I know nothing of the legal side, but don't believe in exempting any vessels from tolls, because this would decrease revenues of the canal. I favor any movement which will increase these. Exemption of American ships would not mean any saving to producer, shipper or consumer. It would mean only increased profits for shipping companies."

The General Assembly has many knotty problems before it to settle. But it seems in no haste to settle them.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



March will average warmer than usual; first and last weeks unusually warm and a cold wave middle part of month. Less than usual rain, particularly in great central valleys Most rain east of Meridian 85 and near Gulf of Mexico. Generally good cropweather. Many severe storms. Critical storm dates within a few dates of March 1, 7, 24, 29. In south plant and sow soon after March 15. Sow oats north after March 25.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Feb. 26, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 1 to 5, warm wave Feb. 28 to March 4, cool wave March 3 to 7. This will be of greater than average force and severe weather will prevail during the week ending March 6. The most severe storm features usually come in with the cool wave but sometimes they come with the warm wave.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 5, cross Pacific slope by close of 6, great central valleys 7 to 9 eastern sections 10. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 5, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 9. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12.

This will be one of the most severe storms of the month and will develop its greatest force not far from March 9, in the great central valleys. All weather features will be radical including a cold wave.

The weather inaugurated by this storm will be very much the same as that which occured about same time in February and will continue cold about the same length of time but will not be so severe. The coldest part of the long cold spell in March will be near 16.

Third disturbance of March will reach Pacific coast about March 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern sections 16. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 14, great central valleys 16, eastern sections 18.

This will be of greatest force in and west of Rockies about March 11 and 12 and in eastern sections 16 and 17 with less force in great central valleys. A cold wave will be a prominent feature of the storm and rains are expected south, snows north. The precipitation will partially come under the new adjustment of precipitation for March, April, May, June, July and therefore will bring less rain than the average of the past five months for similar storms but, for this storm, the change will not be complete.

After the cold wave of March passes, good cropweather is expected till after middle of April but the tendency of precipitation will be toward dry weather. Soon after March 18 will probably be best time to plant and sow in southern sections and further north as early in April as circumstances will permit. Dry weather will come a little later and early planting, in order to get benefit of the moisture in the soil, will be best. Northern oats should be sown very early. In the south where oats are not winter-sown they should be sown early in the spring. For cotton the usual average time of planting in each section will be best.

These are general forecasts and advices and may not exactly fit every locality. The crop season of 1914 will get less than usual rain east of Rockies in a general way but of course some sections will get more than others. We are of opinion that all market prices will be good and that producers will be well repaid for all the cotton, grain and other feed they can produce. Indications are favorable to high prices for all meats and vegetables that can be produced.

"Scribble says he writes all his love sonnets to imaginary women."

"And I don't suppose there would be any objections offered if he mailed all his love sonnets to imaginary editors."

Prudent Wife.—What have you laid up for a rainy day, John? Happy Jack—A mackintosh, my dear.—Christian Review.

Report of Committee of 25.

The committee of 25 has completed its work for the year and the report is now being printed at this office for distribution to the voters of the city previous to the calling of the council meeting. This is required by the city charter, which provides that seven days must elapse after the mailing of the report before the council acts upon it.

According to the recommendations of the committee, there must be a large increase in the tax rate this year. Appropriations aggregating nearly $819,000 are recommended, and the estimated revenue from all sources, including Newport city fund and unused bonds for playgrounds, amounts to about $180,000, leaving $639,000 to be raised from taxation. Of course this means an increase in the rate and it is estimated that it will be about $14, as compared with $12.30 during the past year. This is not as high an endorsement of the economy of government under the new charter as some would have the Legislature believe. Of course there will be much kicking, especially among the wealthy summer residents.

The committee of 25 has worked hard over the budget and has saved many pennies in various places, while adding large expenditures for specific purposes. The final meeting of the committee was held on Tuesday evening when the report was finally approved for presentation to the council. The council will probably meet during the week beginning March 8th.

The General Assembly is not yet transacting much real business, although some of the committees are busy with hearings on various bills. There has been much stormy debate in the House this week, the bill to allow boxing and the constitutional amendment to allow so-called "manhood suffrage" being provocative of oratory.

Mr. B. Frank Macomber of Tiverton has been in the city this week.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, MARCH, 1914

STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	High Eve	Water Morn	Water Eve
21 Sat	6 23	5 34	0 23	9 43	10 14		
22 Sun	6 21	5 35	1 23	10 23	10 43		
23 Mon	6 20	5 36	11 31	10 57	11 23		
24 Tues	6 18	5 37	mo'n	11 31			
25 Wed	6 17	5 38	12 36	12 14	12 32		
26 Thur	6 15	5 40	1 41	1 16	1 52		
27 Fri	6 13	5 41	2 43	2 23	3 12		

Moon's 1st qr. Mch. 5 12 43m, Morning
Full Moon, Mch. 10 11 13m, Evening
Moon's last qr. Mch. 18 2 33m, Evening
New Moon Mch. 26 1 09m, Evening

WEDDING INVITATIONS OR ANNOUNCEMENTS

WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH ENGRAVED WEDDINGS, IN ANY STYLE, AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND SHALL WELCOME AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBMIT SAMPLES WITH PRICES.

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Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Holders, and Patent Steel Ledgers.

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182 THAMES ST.

Marriages.

In this city, 21st inst., by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., Mrs. Rose A. Hopkins of Newport, to Edward Morris of Atlantic City, N. J.

In Providence, 24th inst., LeRoy Wellman Underwood to Margaret Josephine Johnson, both of this city

Deaths.

In this city, 22d inst., Blanche T., wife of Perry H. Mayer, in her 35th year.

In this city, 24th inst., Alice daughter of Daniel and Julia Mahoney.

In this city, 25th inst., William Harrison Barker, in his 74th year.

In this city, 26th inst., Cornelia A., widow of Herbert Barker, in her 6th year.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, Eleanor, daughter of George and Annie W. Burdick, in the 6th year of her age.

In New York City, 23d inst., Carrie, widow of William Drew.

In Victor, N. Y., 25th inst., Allan C., son of the late Thomas J. and Mary Allen Tew, aged 21 years.

In Providence, 26th inst., Mary Ann Greenwood, in her 79th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

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PORTSMOUTH.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Sherman were pleasantly surprised on Monday evening when a party of friends arrived to spend the evening, on the fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Rev. E. E. Martin, who has been conducting the evangelistic services at the Christian Church, has returned to Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Ralph C. Freeborn entertained recently in honor of the third birthday of her daughter, Elizabeth Louise. The guests were Mrs. Annie Tucker and her son, Mrs. Ernest Fish and her nephew Whitney Fish, Mrs. William B. Spooner and son William, Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton and daughter Louise. Refreshments were served. Little Miss Freeborn received several pretty gifts.

Mrs. Alfred J. Mott entertained the Bridge Whist Club at the last meeting for the season. Miss Harriet T. Sanford won the prize, a pair of black silk stockings.

Contractor John Coggeshall has completed the dwelling for Mr. and Mrs. Pitt S. Littlefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coggeshall of Brookline, Mass., have been the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Poleg A. Coggeshall.

Mr. R. W. Anthony spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. J. H. Brown of Providence.

The funeral of Robert Scott took place from his late home on Friday. Rev. James M. Estes, pastor of the Friends' Church, conducted the services. A quartet composed of Miss M. Finis Macomber, Mrs. William T. H. Sowle, Messrs. Emerson and Ray Ayler sang. The bearers were William K. Boyd, Edward Faulkner, Frederick W. Holman and Edward B. Ayler. The interment was in the Portsmouth Cemetery. There were several handsome floral pieces.

Mrs. Arthur L. Fish who has been seriously ill at a hospital in Watertown, Mass., is considerably better, and has now returned to her home.

At a special meeting of the Town Council the following jurors were drawn for the Superior Court: Grand—John Paquin, William G. Albro, Charles F. Fish, Frank Greene, and Michael J. Murphy. Petit:—Barclay Gifford, Charles Gifford Albert A. Lawrence.

Miss Alice May Marshall, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall was united in marriage with Mr. Thomas Turner, son of the late Harry E. Turner and Mrs. Katherine Turner of Newport, at the Methodist Episcopal Church Friday evening, Rev. John Wadsworth performing the ceremony. The bride wore a handsome suit of blue velvet with hat to match and was attended by her sister Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall, of Providence. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Peter Turner of Newport. Only immediate relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Turner went to Boston for the honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Valdon Andrews and family are visiting Mrs. Andrews' parents, Capt. and Mrs. Henry J. Nickerson of Tiverton.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Eldredge and Miss Louise Remington of Fall River, whose birthdays come at about the same time, celebrated by a dinner and card party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge.

Miss Edna Malone presented a very pleasing musicale at St. Paul's Guild House on Monday evening. The guild room was entirely filled by interested listeners who enjoyed the well-arranged program. Miss Malone was assisted by Miss Louise Chase, soprano, Mrs Gertrude Dimond of Bristol, Miss Marjorie Hicks, pianist and Mr. Earl Bowen of Fall River violinist. Each person was heartily applauded, and responded to encores. At the close of the musical cake and ice cream were served.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. Mary Collins Hawkes of Worcester, the aunt of Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden and Mrs. Alfred H. Borden. She was in her eighty-eighth year Mrs. Hawkes was a Friends' minister and was well known here having spent much time during the summers.

Miss Katie L. Durfee who since her return from the Union Hospital, Fall River, has been visiting her cousin Mrs. William F. Brayton and her neice Mrs. Arthur Smith has returned to her home. Miss Dorcas Barker is caring for her.

Mrs. Lester Coggeshall is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Clark Barker. Mr. and Mrs. Barker are also entertaining their son Ernest Barker and his bride from New York.

Mr. Charles Harrington of this town and Mr. George Herbert Patterson have been appointed Deputy Bird Commissioners, and have begun their work by carrying food to the game birds in Tiverton and Little Compton.

Mr. Ray Borden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Borden, has finished his four year course at Dartmouth College in three and one-half years He has been spending a vacation with his parents and has now left for Great Barrington, Mass., where he has taken a position in a private school, to teach German, French and Arithmetic.

There were no services at St. Mary's Church on Sunday as some of the pipes burst during the cold weather. The previous week services were held but there was no heat in the Church.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis Conway entertained at card party on Wednesday evening.

The sledding on Quaker Hill has been excellent and young and old alike have been out to enjoy it. During the times when the children were not in school there has been a regular carnival there.

"Because of traffic recession, the Pennsylvania Railroad will make one of the most sweeping train changes in years, on March 1, by discontinuing 14 trains, including several important through trains. Some high-class trains are also to be reduced in equipment."

Here we have the actual facts in regard to the dull times. The great Pennsylvania road would not lay off trains if business was good, or even if there was a prospect of better times in the not far distant future.

"Confident that the Interstate Commerce Commission will concede to railroads an increase in freight rates of from 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. Congressman Jefferson Levy says the country will soon experience the greatest era of prosperity it ever has known.

We shall be pleased to see that prosperity approaching, but like Democratic predictions there are no signs of it on the financial horizon

HUERTA'S WORD IS DISPUTED

Said Wilson Wanted Marines to Guard Mexican Legation

DENIAL BY THE PRESIDENT

Says Matter Has Never Even Been Discussed in Washington—Villa Ignores Our Demand Concerning Benton's Body—Carranza Receives Sharp Message From Bryan

According to a City of Mexico dispatch Provisional President Huerta refused permission to the United States government to send 2000 American marines as a guard for the legation at the Mexican capital.

Huerta says he was asked by Washington to agree to the dispatch, in addition to the Americans, of 1000 more men made up of Germans, English and French. To all of this he returned a negative reply on the ground that there was no need for such precautions. Nelson O'Shaughnessy refused either to confirm or deny the information.

President Wilson says the United States has never requested permission to send marines to Mexico City and had not discussed nor taken up the subject in any way with Mexican officials.

Very recently President Wilson told callers he saw no occasion to follow the action of other nations in sending marines to Mexico City. It was stated that his position is unchanged.

Federal officials made it plain that they regarded such an announcement by Huerta as being made for its possible effect in Mexico City and to accentuate the provisional president's repeated assurances that foreigners are in no danger.

The American government is exerting every influence at its disposal to obtain from General Villa the surrender of the body of William S. Benton, the British subject recently executed at Juarez. No reply has been received to the instructions sent to Consul Letcher to find Benton's grave, and Secretary Bryan was surprised by news dispatches quoting Villa as saying Benton was buried in Chihuahua City.

As a result of the unsatisfactory attitude of Villa, at a conference between Bryan and Ambassador Spring-Rice it was decided that British Consul Porceval will not proceed into Mexico for the examination of Benton's body until "better arrangements can be made."

"Curb Villa or admit that he is the real leader of the revolutionary forces in the north, and that you are powerless."

In effect this message was delivered to General Carranza at Nogales. On the answer to it will depend whether this government will continue its policy of patient, watchful waiting in Mexico or consider other tactics.

INCREASE OF $5,000,000

Total of $104,000,000 on Deposit in New Hampshire Banks

Deposits in New Hampshire savings banks increased $5,000,000 in 1913, reaching a total of $104,000,000, according to the annual report of the state banking department.

Three and a half millions were paid in dividends at an average rate of 3.81 percent, a decrease from the previous year of .01 percent.

An increase of almost $2,000,000 in mortgage loans on New Hampshire real estate is the principal feature of the returns of investments.

HOLYOKE WILL BROKEN

Jury Decides Maine Lumberman Was of Unsound Mind

The will by which Frank H. Holyoke, a lumberman of Bangor, Me., left the bulk of his half million dollar estate to two nieces, Madeline and Marjorie Holyoke, was broken by a jury in the superior court at Los Angeles, Cal.

By a 11 to 1 verdict the jury decided that Holyoke was of unsound mind when he made the will just prior to his death in Pasadena, in November, 1911.

CHARGES AGAINST JUDGE

Financier Alleges Improper Conduct Off and on the Bench

Charges of professional and private misconduct were filed against Judge Wright of the District of Columbia supreme court by Wade H. Cooper, a Washington financier.

The charges include allegations of financial and moral wrong-doing; that certain corporations have been favored by Wright and that in general his conduct on and off the bench has been improper for a judicial official.

Death in Lynn Fire

Stephen Athus was killed and several firemen were injured in a $175,000 fire in a garage at Lynn, Mass. Defective wiring, or a pipe left in a workman's locker, is thought to have caused the blaze.

GETS $17,050 DAMAGES

Railroad Engineer Lost Eyesight After Fall Through Drawbridge

Thomas W. Letchworth of Somerville, Mass., formerly an engineer on the Boston and Maine railroad, was awarded $17,050 damages against that road by a jury in the Middlesex superior court.

Letchworth has become blind, following injuries sustained in falling through the drawbridge in the North terminal trainyard in Boston. He sued for $50,000.

GOVERNOR ACTED WITHIN HIS RIGHTS

Appointment of Sheriff in Moulton's Place Was Legal

A rescript sustaining the Maine legislature in the adoption of an address to Governor Haines calling for the removal of Sheriff Moulton of Cumberland county for non-enforcement of the Maine prohibitory liquor law was received from the Maine supreme court. It was drawn by Associate Justice Spear, following arguments before the full bench of the law court.*

It was found that the elector, Moulton, was lawfully removed from the office of sheriff. The information was dismissed with costs.

BLIND IN LAST YEARS

Tenniel, World-Famous Cartoonist, Passes Away at Age of 95

Sir John Tenniel the cartoonist, died at London in his 95th year, after a career in which his pencil had for fifty years dealt unsparingly with the whole gamut of human affairs, thrilling nations and puncturing the pride of emperors and kings.

Through the medium of London Punch he swept the affairs of the world with a freedom that placed him in a rank by himself among cartoonists. He left Punch in 1900 and his closing years were embittered by blindness, due to his close application to his work.

While he terrified the greatest statesmen by his biting drawings Tenniel won an everlasting place for himself in the hearts of the world's children by his creation of the likenesses of the foremost modern fairy tales, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through a Looking Glass."

VICTORY FOR PRESIDENT

Ratification of Eight Arbitration Treaties as He Desired

The eight pending arbitration treaties with Spain, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Japan, Portugal, Switzerland and Italy, were ratified by the senate in secret session without a division.

The fight by the president to have these treaties adopted without material change from the lines suggested by himself has been a long one, and he expressed deep gratification over the outcome.

As ratified the treaties pledge the contracting governments to arbitrate all questions excepting those affecting vital interests, independence and national honor and the rights of third parties.

THE BRITANNIC LAUNCHED

White Star Steamer the Very Last Word in Marine Architecture

Safety, so far as human foresight and the best engineering skill of the age can provide it, is the feature of the transatlantic steamship Britannic, built for the White Star line and launched at Belfast, Ire. She is 900 feet long.

The keel of the 50,000-ton craft had just been laid when the Titanic, then the last word in marine architecture, on her first voyage crushed her hull against an iceberg and sank, the loss of life aggregating about 1500.

This disaster prompted a general revision of the plans for the Britannic, which greatly delayed her progress to the launching stage.

A VENERABLE PREACHER

He Celebrates Sixtieth Anniversary of His One Pastorate

Rev. Dr. Edward Robie, pastor of the Congregational church of Greenland, N. H., who enjoys the distinction of having filled only one pastorate since he was ordained to the ministry in 1854, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his pastorate.

Robie is 83 years of age. The church over which he presides was organized in 1707.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Sydney V. Pope, aged 80, who lived alone, was burned to death when fire destroyed his home near New Berlin, N. Y.

On a $5 wager Frank Casey of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., started out to walk three miles. He lost his way, fell exhausted and was frozen to death.

Admiral Krantz, former French minister of marine, died at Toulon. He was 92 years old.

Miss Amanda M. May, 86 years old, a collaborator with Neal Dow in the campaign which made Maine a "dry" state, died at Whittier, Cal.

Putnam Griswold, noted American basso, died at New York. He was operated on for appendicitis and complications set in which resulted in his death.

Prince Pignatelli committed suicide at Barcelona. He was 21 years of age and was serving his period in the army.

WOOD ALCOHOL IN WINE

Three Girls Die as Result of Drinking It at Wedding Reception

A coroner's physician decided that three girls who died after attending an Italian wedding reception at New York were poisoned by wood alcohol.

The police found that wines and cordials served at the reception were home-made, compounded of alcohol, sugar and coloring-matter. The host, Carmino J. Colino, and his bride said they had often used liquors made by this formula.

The police believe that on this occasion, through some oversight, they used wood alcohol instead of grain alcohol.

THREAT TO KILL DEWEY'S MEN

Made by German Admiral in Bay of Manila

A CONFLICT OVER VISITS

Could Have Been Avoided by an Official Protest of American Commander About Two "Trivial Incidents"—Von Diederichs Sheds Further Light on "Unfriendly Acts"

Admiral Von Diederichs himself admits he informed the British naval commander in Manila bay, at the time of the Spanish-American war, that he would shoot any American officer who attempted to board a German warship "to make inquiry and establish her identity" in carrying out the orders of Admiral Dewey. This admission was made in the course of a further narrative of events given to the press.

The strained relations between Dewey and Von Diederichs arose over the visiting between the vessels of the various powers, which, according to Von Diederichs' story, was quite promiscuous. He admitted there was a certain justice in Dewey's complaint as to the German ships being constantly on the move, although this was necessary, and in no way meant to be unfriendly.

The bulk of the German squadron was about to be withdrawn, said Von Diederichs, when the conflict arose over the right of visitation, and he then decided to retain his whole force there.

Von Diederichs blamed Dewey for the clash, and intimated that it would never have arisen if the American commander had protested officially about two "trivial incidents." These included the firing of shots by the Americans in order to stop two German pinnaces. One of them was passing the American vessels, and was held up because her flag was not showing plainly, and the other was approaching the Olympia at night with a message and was not properly identified.

The German admiral felt that Dewey's action was decidedly unfriendly. He sent his flag lieutenant, Von Hintze, to make a formal protest against the action of the McCullough in halting the German cruiser Irene in order to learn her identity. This, said Von Diederichs, was the incident incorrectly attributed to the Cormorant by Dewey.

The American admiral retaliated with an announcement that no ship, commercial or naval, would be allowed to pass his lines, and announced his intention of sending an officer on board every warship arriving in the bay, "to make inquiry and to establish her identity." The word "inquiry" apparently aroused the ire of the German admiral, who identifies it even now with a claim to the right to cross-examine any German commander.

Von Diederichs says he discussed the situation with the British commander and told him he would shoot any officer attempting to carry out Dewey's order. A substantial victory for the Germans was claimed by Von Diederichs in the final settlement, by which any arriving warship was to report itself to the American commander and afterward be required only to show its flag.

According to Von Diederichs, his call on the Spanish authorities was justified by the fact that no blockade had been formally proclaimed.

TWO-BATTLESHIP PROGRAM

Building Scheme of Navy Calls For $140,200,000 Appropriation

Formal approval was given the administration's two-battleship program by the house naval committee after the "small navy" men had made their final stand against it.

The navy department's construction plans were changed so as to provide for six instead of eight destroyers, and for additional submarines.

As reported to the house, the bill carries $140,200,000, exclusive of amounts to be spent for armor and armament.

DEATH OF TELLER

Served Five Terms as Senator and Was in Arthur's Cabinet

Former United States Senator Henry M. Teller died at Denver, aged 84. He had served five terms in the senate and was secretary of the interior in the Arthur cabinet.

Teller was formerly a Republican, but left the G. O. P. in 1896, being one of the leaders of the Silver Republican movement which supported Mr. Bryan for the presidency. He afterward became a Democrat.

PRISON FOR DETECTIVES

Patron and Miss Guertin Are Sentenced For Fraud

Nellie G. Guertin and J. A. Patron, private detectives of Boston, were given prison sentences at New York following their conviction of perjury and conspiracy in an effort to collect $75,000 damages from a taxicab company. Patron was sentenced to serve one year on Blackwell's island. Miss Guertin was given a sentence of eight months.

Patron bitterly attacked Dr. Richard Wynne of Boston, who told the story of Miss Guertin having an old rag on her head opened that it might appear she had been seriously injured.

Wynne was indicted with Patron and Miss Guertin; but turned state's evidence. Patron sought to assume all responsibility and begged that Miss Guertin be shown clemency.

WON PROMOTION ON FIELD OF BATTLE

Maine Loses Leading Citizen In Death of Chamberlain

General Joshua L. Chamberlain, hero of many battles in the Civil war, former president of Bowdoin college and former governor of Maine, died at Portland, Me.; at the age of 86 years. Since 1900 he had been surveyor of the port of Portland.

Chamberlain suffered for some time as a result of wounds received in battle. He was known as the hero of Little Round Top, being breveted major general and receiving a medal from congress for bravery displayed in this and other battles.

He was commander of the parade at the time of Lee's surrender and at one time was in command of the First division, Fifth Army Corps of the Potomac. He was governor of Maine from 1866 to 1871.

BOYS HELD FOR HEARING

Four Men in Watertown Turk Murder Case Are Discharged

Nishan Aprahaian, 16, and Manoog Garabedian, 17, the two Armenian boys who, according to Watertown, Mass., police, confessed to the murder of Ismayel Ismorly-Oghlo, a Turk, was arraigned at Waltham on the murder charge. On the request of Assistant District Attorney O'Donnell their cases were continued one week for a hearing.

Four men who have been held by the police in connection with the killing of Ismorly-Oghlo were released by the court on the recommendation of the assistant district attorney.

The police declare the Aprahanian boy said to them before entering the court: "I'll tell the truth when I get on the stand."

When the case came on a large crowd thronged the courtroom, including about 100 Armenians from the Watertown colony.

THAW FORCES HAPPY

Court Will Rely Upon Report of the Sanity Commission

The Thaw forces were happy when, after William T. Jerome had made a severe attack upon the Thaw bail commission, which declared Thaw sane, Judge Aldrich announced in court at Concord, N. H.:

"I shall rely upon the finding of the commission as to Thaw's present mental condition, since the tribunal which I saw fit to create was a non-partisan body."

When arguments were concluded Aldrich gave Jerome ten days to file a supplemental brief, after which Thaw's counsel will have ten days more. Then a further hearing will be held.

M'DERMOTT SENT TO JAIL

Four Months For Boston Man Who Took Bonuses From Laborers

Edward McDermott of Boston, convicted under the law that makes the taking of a bonus from a laborer, by one who can employ labor, an act of extortion, was sentenced to four months in the house of correction.

McDermott, who was formerly employed as foreman by the Hugh Nawn Contracting company, charged a number of laborers $5 to give them a job and also charged them $1 a week so that they might continue in their employment.

Guilty of Manslaughter

While a jury was being empaneled in a Salem, Mass., court to try John Dufulli of Swampscott for murder in the first degree for shooting Emelio Marchocci, he pleaded guilty to a charge of manslaughter. He will be sentenced later. Jealousy was the cause of the shooting.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Running across the tracks to catch a train, Miss Florence Bowser, 35 years old, was instantly killed by a train at Foxboro, Mass.

Charles Kubowitch of Boston, a coal passer, was instantly killed when he was buried under several tons of soft coal.

While trimming wires on an electric light pole at Webster, Mass., Thomas Priest, 30 years old, was electrocuted.

Stepping out of the path of one train only to get in the way of another at Canton, Mass., Wilbert H. Jearauld, a railroad employe, was instantly killed.

Fire from an unknown cause almost wholly destroyed the high school building at Plymouth, N. H., causing a loss of $40,000. No students were in the building at the time the fire broke out.

Edward Southworth, for thirty-two years master of the Mather school, Boston, died from a shock. He taught in Boston public schools for over forty-four years.

Henry Withington, a street railway conductor, was killed by a train at the Wachusett, Mass., station.

Frank Conant, aged 4, was coasting at Pittsfield, Mass., when his sled crashed into a trolley car and the boy was killed.

Was Lynn Newspaper Dean

Rufus Kimball, seventy-one years a Lynn, Mass., newspaper man, died at the age of 85. Besides being the dean of newspaper men of Lynn, Kimball had been for many years active in the city government. He is survived by his widow and eight children.

Pastor Won't Ask Bride to "Obey"

Rev. Edwin Schumaker, pastor of the Shawmut Congregational church of Boston, refuses to use the word "obey" in the marriage service. "I'll never let that word pass my lips to a bride when I am asked to marry a couple," he said.

Small Depositors Are Welcome

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MACHINE CLOGGED BY WOMEN'S VOTES

Ten Democratic Candidates at Chicago Are Ousted

Although but 30 percent of the women whose names were on the poll books voted in the Chicago primaries, it was seen that a monkey wrench had been hurled into the machinery of organized politics of Chicago.

The 47,529 women who voted were instrumental in ousting ten Democratic candidates for aldermen who sought re-election.

Of the nine women candidates for places on the ballot, seven, unopposed, were successful. Miss Marion Drake, Progressive, First ward, will oppose "Bathhouse" John Coughlin, Democratic ward boss, in the April election.

TAKEN FROM SINKING BOAT

Starving Crew of Fishermen Are Safely Landed at Boston

Two days without food and water, Captain Brown and three men of the fishing schooner Dolly Gray of Lockeport, N. S., were rescued by the schooner Mary, when their vessel was sinking fast, with all boats gone, and landed at Boston.

The men, who left Lockeport a week ago last Monday, took only some hardtack for food, because they expected to do only a day's fishing or make one set of their trawls.

But they were caught unprepared in a ninety-mile southwest hurricane, blown off shore, and their little craft in an hour was practically a derelict.

They had lost all hope of ever seeing land again when Captain French and his men sighted their flag of distress in the rigging and soon had the thankful quartet safe on board.

You Can Still Get

Your Garden Seeds

At the

Old Stand

So long Occupied by

Fernando Barker

ON

BROADWAY

NEAR

LAKE'S CORNER

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE E. WELLINGTON, Chm.

51

SIEGES OF PERONNE.

They Won For the Town the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The town of Peronne, not far from Amiens, has had the distinction of being decorated with the Legion of Honor and can place the cross so much sought after by every Frenchman in its coat of arms and on its seal.

Peronne has two memorable sieges to its credit, the first in 1536 and the other during the Franco-Prussian war.

During the siege of 1536 Estournel, governor of the town, held out for more than a month against the Comte de Nassau, lieutenant of the Emperor Charles V. At the end of that time Nassau, who had failed in three assaults, gave up the siege.

The siege of Peronne during the war of "soixante-dix" was one of the bloodiest in history. The Prussians surrounded it on Nov. 30, 1870, and the town held out until Jan. 9, when with half the town in flames, no means of fighting the fire, not to mention the lack of food and drinking water, it capitulated.

The fire was so intense that the bells in the church towers were melted and the stacked silver pieces in the bank were turned into ingots. Six hundred and seventy houses were destroyed by fire and shells, while 3,000 soldiers and citizens were taken prisoners.—New York Sun.

FIRST IROQUOIS TREATY.

It Was Made Between the Indians and English In 1664.

The first treaty between the English and the Iroquois was made on Sept. 24, 1664, and ushered in a friendship that continued for more than a century. The Iroquois had been alternately at war and peace for sixty years, and the English found their dusky allies valuable in the war with the French for North American supremacy.

The treaty with the Iroquois was one of the first official acts of the English governor, who earlier in the same month had taken over the Dutch possessions and changed the name of New Amsterdam to New York and that of Fort Orange to Albany. In 1693 and again three years later the French invaded the Iroquois country, and the redskins lost half of their warriors. In 1713 the French gave up all claim to the Iroquois, and peace reigned for a time, but in 1755 the warriors joined the English in the war for the conquest of Canada.

When the American Revolution broke out the Iroquois adhered to the crown. At the conclusion of the war most of the Iroquois took refuge in Canada.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Open to Conviction.

No rock was ever more firmly fixed than were Mrs. Manser's opinions, but she considered herself of an extremely pliable disposition, with a mind open to conviction on all sides.

"It's the strangest thing to me the way the rest of the family talk as if I were set in my views," she said one day to her nephew William's bride, with whom she had been laboring on the subject of calling cards for more than an hour. "It seems to me you're sort of taking the same tone," she continued, looking sharply at the young woman, "and I don't want you to. There isn't anybody in this world that's readier to be convinced she's in the wrong than I am by people who know more than I. All they've got before 'em ever is to prove to me that they do know more than I, and I tell you, my dear, there hasn't one of 'em ever been able to in this family!"—Youth's Companion.

Catching a Bride.

Among certain Siberians the bridegroom is not permitted to have a wife until he can catch her. But they do not give him a fair race in the open. The bride, surrounded by her female friends, awaits him in a big tent. As soon as she sees him she runs off. He follows like Hippomenes after Atalanta. But instead of obstacles being thrown in the way of the bride they are thrown across the path of the bridegroom. The pursuing groom falls over old women, chairs, tables, stones and fishing rods or is tripped up by ropes. Only when it is feared he might give up and sulk and go away without the fleeting lady is he permitted to overtake her. Then as she falls into his outstretched arms it may be imagined she utters some equivalent of "This is so sudden!"

One Reason.

Frederick Townsend Martin, writer and social leader, was asked at a dinner in New York if he could account for the enormous number of bachelors. Mr. Martin stroked his mustache and smiled.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "a bachelor, you know, is a man who never has to answer questions that he doesn't want to answer."—Washington Star.

Embarrassing.

"Mamma," said Mary, eight years old, "I'm glad I'm not a boy."

"What makes you feel that way?" said mamma.

"Well, I think if I were a boy it would be so embarrassing to propose," she replied.—Indianapolis News.

Pessimistic.

"I suppose your baby sister cries some, don't she?"

"Cries! Why, she just seems to look on the dark side of things all the time."—Philadelphia Record.

Many a great effort in life owes its final success to the sound of a faint cheer.

Now.

The autumn leaves have lost their grip.
They tremble and they fall.
The flat face sunflowers sway and dip
Beside the kitchen wall.
Old nature fills her dewy cup
And warms her chilly toes,
And mere man bangs the mower up
And coils away the hose.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BELLES OF THE ORIENT.

Beauty Baths and Cosmetics Are the Light of Their Lives.

If the women of fashion of London, Paris or New York spent as much time over her toilet as her sister of the far east she would have very little left in which to attend to her social and domestic duties.

The oriental belle devotes most of her day to the preservation of her health and beauty. She uses many wonderful cosmetics for coloring her eyes and brows and for beautifying her skin. On arising her hair is dressed by her maid, who massages the scalp with oil made from aloe wood or cocoanut. The eastern woman will never interfere with the color of her hair, for the long silky blue black locks are considered her chief charm.

Next a very hot bath is prepared, and in this she remains for two or three hours. In place of soap numberless unguents are used, which render the skin as soft as velvet. These delicate perfumes are secret preparations of the bathing woman.

The hair of the oriental beauty is beautifully long and soft, and they have a way of arranging it which adds a distinct charm. The face is washed over with milk into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed. Perfumes permeate the garments, but are seldom if ever used on a handkerchief.—Detroit Free Press.

JUST A BOY'S IDEA.

It Made the Invention of the Reaping Machine a Success.

In 1830 Obed Hussey of Ohio was inventing a reaping machine, the first ever designed in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting device, which was three large sickles set in a frame and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It would not work satisfactorily.

A young son, watching the experiments, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them.

Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw toothed blades which are in common use today on harvesters, the cutting action being quite similar to that of scissors.

From the boy's suggestion he perfected in one week a machine on which he had in vain exercised all his ingenuity for the preceding two years. The principle of that cutting device is the principle of all of the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farming industry of the entire world has been unsurpassed by any other invention for use on the farm.—George F. Stratton, in St. Nicholas.

No Great Eater.

The Rev. Dr. Elderberry had been upon a voyage to the south seas and brought back a young cannibal. The young cannibal was called Beebo. Beebo was turned over to Mrs. Elderberry to be civilized. For full four weeks the good lady instructed her charge in the theoretical principles of Christian doctrine and conduct until she thought he was ripe to put his training into practice.

"And now, Beebo," said she one day, "you shall see that what I have taught you is more than mere words. You are to accompany me to the public kitchen, where I serve fifty poor schoolboys. You shall help me."

But the little cannibal shook his head sadly.

"Oh, missy," he said, "I'm not hungry. The most I could eat would be one very little schoolboy!"—New York Post.

Remains of Joseph's Well.

The remains of the original Joseph's well are to be found at a spot situated directly on the canal route from Schechem to Memphis, about two miles southeast of Cairo. The well itself is in the courtyard of some barracks belonging to the army of occupation. Near by is "the citadel," the second largest mosque in Egypt. The well bears signs of having ben bricked up. Yet it is easy to see that Joseph's discomfiture could not have been so great as one might imagine, for this well, like all the wells of Egypt, is of a circumference much larger than those of today, and Joseph would have been able to exercise his limbs with ease by walking around it. Moreover, when the Nile is low these wells are quite dry.—New York Sun.

Diverting His Attention.

Cook (7 a. m.)—Please, ma'am, the dog got hold of the steak that was for breakfast. Shall I go out and get another? Mistress—Is there any news in the morning paper? Cook—Yes, indeed, ma'am—big accidents an' horrid murders an' bomb explosions an' rumors of another war. Mistress—Very well. Warm over something left from supper and place the paper by my husband's plate.—Puck.

Fictitious.

Little Joe (reading)—What is a fictitious character, aunty? Aunty—One that is made up, dear. Little Joe—Then you are a fictitious character, aren't you, aunty?—Chicago News.

The Secret.

Blobbs—There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret. Slobbs—What is that? Blobbs—To find it out for herself.—Philadelphia Record.

Sure of His Judgment, Anyhow.

A girl may not love the man who tells her she is beautiful, but she is pretty sure to respect his judgment.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Great gloom his married life engirds,
He can't avoid her tongue.
He thought she knew but honeyed words,
And now he finds he's stung.
—Atlanta Constitution.

She—My physician says I should have a bite before retiring.

He—Be careful; that's what killed Cleopatra.—Exchange.

How Royalty Sleeps.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says the poet. But the precautions that are taken to assure undisturbed rest to King George of England must at least bring quiet to his pillow. The outside of the royal palace is, of course, guarded by soldiers and detectives all night, and several night watchmen pace up and down the corridors through the hours of darkness, says the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

These men are shod in thick felt slippers so that their footsteps will not wake the royal sleeper, and one of them is always near the king's room until his majesty is called by his valet in the morning.

Every door and window in the palace is frequently examined, and it would be impossible for any intruder to get in without being discovered. The king is as well protected as the czar of Russia, who has a guard of armed Cossacks outside of his room, or the king of Spain, who is watched by a squad of specially picked soldiers, who keep the keys of all the doors of the palace during the night.

Oratory and Seasickness.

According to A. C. Benson, it was the habit of the late Professor Sidgwick, when crossing the English channel, "to take his stand in some secluded part of the vessel and to pour out audibly and rhetorically his repertory of English verse, accompanying it with a good deal of emphatic gesticulation. I believe that the first experiment was successful and that he secured immunity from nausea. But he said the second time that he tried it he was interrupted by one of the officers with a message from the captain begging him to desist on the ground that some of the lady passengers were frightened by his behavior, being under the impression that he was mentally deranged. He complied with the request, and, deprived of its intellectual prophylactic, his brain succumbed to physical sensations."

A Dream Superstition.

I heard what was to me at least a new piece of superstition the other day, and when I think of the risks I've run all these years because I did not know of it my blood runs cold. I met a woman from Virginia in market, and the talk falling on dreams I recalled a most blood curdling nightmare I had had the night before.

"I must tell you what I dreamed last night," I said.

"Let me ask first whether it's a pleasant or an unpleasant dream?" said the lady from Virginia.

"Decidedly unpleasant."

"Then for mercy's sake don't tell it!" said she. "Never tell a bad dream on Saturday, for we say in Virginia:

Friday night's dream on Saturday told
Is sure to come true, no matter how old.

—Washington Post.

Curious Fish Spearing.

In spite of the march of civilization there remains much that is still primitive in Sicily, and a curious sight at Palermo is to see the fishermen spearing fish in the harbor by the aid of glass bottomed buckets, says the Wide World Magazine. There are many corners of the world where fish are speared, but perhaps the use of the glass bottomed bucket in this connection is to be seen only at Palermo. The fishermen lean far over the side of their boats and hold the bucket on the water with one hand, poking their heads into it as if engaged in the Halloween game of ducking for apples. They hold a spear poised in the free hand and thus await the arrival of their victims, who are sighted through the glass bottom of the bucket, which acts as a kind of telescope.

Migrating Birds.

During many of the nights in September the inhabitants of the island of Helgoland are astir with big lanterns and a kind of enormous butterfly net, the former to attract and dazzle the migrating birds when they come to earth to rest, and the latter to secure them. Mr. Seebohm, the great authority on bird migration, states that he has known as many as 15,000 skylarks to be caught on the island in a single night. The migrating birds are always interesting to the ships that ply across the North sea and the Baltic. In September they settle on yard arm or on deck, rather tired, and the seamen catch flies and collect them into receptacles for the benefit of the birds.

Trial by Jury.

The establishment of the trial by jury runs back even prior to the time of Alfred the Great. He is said to have organized juries of twelve men as now in practice, but even earlier six Welsh and six Anglo-Saxon freemen acted as a jury where there was a dispute between Welsh and Saxons.

Clear Inference.

"Jim told me a riproaring joke that was played on some member of your club last evening. Were you there?"

"Yes, I was there! It was an abominable, farfetched"—

"O-oh! Jinx did not tell me that you were the man it was on."—Houston Post.

Strangeness of the Sex.

A woman can become highly excited over the fact that a bride is starting out in married life with machine hemmed napkins.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Weight of Snow.

A cubic foot of newly fallen snow weighs five and one-half pounds and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

I wasted time, and now time doth waste me.—Shakespeare.

Women are not allowed to practice law in England, but they keep the men busy at it.

What if John Bull should get het up and send a few militants over for those sporting trophies?

A true friend is one that never lets on that he doesn't believe you know what you are talking about.

BOTH WERE STUBBORN.

Lots of Good Will Power Was Wasted In Mere Obstinacy.

How much perfectly good, serviceable will power people waste in mere obstinacy! Martha Malone, after working three years for Mrs. Bixby, appeared one morning at Mrs. Wilson's back door and applied for a place.

"Why," said the surprised Mrs. Wilson, "I thought you were working for Mrs. Bixby!"

"I was, mum. But I've quit."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Wilson could not conceal her surprise. "I thought you liked her."

"Indeed I do, mum."

"And I'm sure she liked you."

"I believe she did, mum. Leastwise she always seemed to."

"Well"— Mrs. Wilson was still wondering what the trouble had been.

"Well," said Martha, seeing that some explanation was expected, "you see, it was like this, mum. I always put the blue china plates on the right hand side of the cupboard, and this morning the missus comes along and moves 'em and says, 'Martha, every mornin' for three years you've put the plates on the wrong side and I've had to come along and move them, and I can't stand it any longer.'

"And," said Martha, "I says to her, 'Mrs. Bixby, every mornin' for three years I've put them plates in the right place and you've come and moved them, and then I had to come along and move them back, and I can't stand it any longer either.'

"And so I quit."—Youth's Companion.

QUEER TRAP FOR LIONS.

Fly Paper Caught and Held the Monster Man Eaters Helpless.

You know what a ferocious, powerful beast the lion is. You can imagine what strong chains it would take to hold him fast. So can you even imagine a lion captured with fly paper? Well, not so very long ago four huge man eating lions were taken in that manner at the village of Gwalior, in India.

It happened that the headman of the village was able to shut the four lions up in a hut into which they had ventured in search of prey. He kept them thus barricaded for nearly two weeks, no one being willing to attempt to capture them. Finally he thought of a scheme that proved as successful as it was original.

He had thousands of sheets of fly paper spread on the ground before the entrance to the hut. Then suddenly the barricades were lifted and the four lions came bounding out—into the fly paper. Of course it stuck to their paws, and of course when they tried to lick it off it stuck fast to their faces and heads. The lions promptly forgot all about human beings and in their wild endeavors to get rid of the fly paper rolled over and over on the ground, roaring and fighting for breath.

Then the headman and his followers rushed forward with long ropes, lassoed the plunging lions and tied them up—fly paper and all!—London Tit-Bits.

Successful Disappearance.

One of the most successful disappearances on record was of William Howe. Howe was a successful tradesman in Jermyn street, and one morning in 1706 he left his wife, telling her that he had business in the city. He never came back, and after some years an act of parliament was specially passed to enable Mrs. Howe to administer her husband's estate. Then one evening in 1723 the "widow" received a letter requesting an interview. Mrs. Howe duly kept the appointment—and discovered her husband. He had been living in disguise in the same neighborhood all the time, he explained, and keeping a close eye upon the movements of his wife. It is said that the reunited couple lived happily ever afterward.—London Standard.

The Only Cure.

Mrs. Keepup made it her private and particular business to have whatever her neighbor had, whether it was a question of chickens or diseases, so when Mrs. Gotthere complained to her one day of insomnia Mrs. Keepup was ready for her. "I have it, too, very badly at times." "What do you do for it, Mrs. Keepup?" "Why, I have never found anything that did me any real good except to go to bed and sleep it off."

Very Strange.

Mr. Fuss (furiously)—It is mighty strange you can't look after things a little better. Here I want to shave, and there isn't a drop of hot water here. Mrs. Fuss (icily)—It is strange. Why, that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you!—Exchange.

Danger Not Imminent.

"Better go home, Jimmy. Your mother is looking for you."

"Has she got the hairbrush with her?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll play awhile longer."—Pittsburgh Post.

One Mind.

"Henry," called Mrs. R. over the partition in the voting booth, "how are you going to vote on amendment No. 5? He—I am going to vote "yes." She—No, you're not; you're going to vote "no." I have changed my mind.—Life.

Human experience, like the stern lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over.—Coleridge.

Mary had a little sheep,
A peaceful, gentle lamb.
It frolicked on the hillsides
And grew up a mountain ram.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Was her father violent when you asked for her hand?"

"Was he? Great Scot, I thought he would shake my arm off!"—Fun.

Auto-Hallucination.

Answering the question "Will you please explain how a person is lifted by four persons placing their index fingers under his shoulders and legs by means of slight lifting force at time of inhaling a long breath by each person and by the person about to be lifted?" Edgar Lucien Larkin in the New York American says:

"I have been asked this question many times. If a person actually has been lifted and those doing the lifting think that the 'law of gravity is partially suspended' then the lifters are under self hallucination or auto suggestion in so far as their impression of lifting is concerned. They actually lift far more than they think, but they will not admit this, as they are partially self hallucinated in the belief that the body of the person will rise. And if they really succeed in lifting the man two inches they think it a foot. Auto hallucination is a remarkable mentological phenomenon and is now being studied by mentalists here and in Europe with minute care and research."

Foolishness of Betting.

Being firmly convinced that a certain contest would terminate in conformity with his opinions, a farmer in New York state wagered his new automobile against a wheelbarrow on the result of the contest in question—and lost. Giving up the property, he grimly trudged seven miles to his home. Probably his family noticed that he had a grouch too. Considered in the calm, clear, cold light of pure reason, the gentleman succeeded in proving himself a near relative to a California canary—otherwise known as a donkey. Had he won the bet the result would have been pretty much the same, for betting is not argument, evidence or proof of anything. It adds no force, power or dignity to any opinion or set of opinions. It is merely the outpouring of the gambling spirit, and that is a spirit that has led many a man to utter beggary who might have adorned a home and ornamented a community.—Detroit Free Press.

A Tall Story.

The long leggedest man we know is our friend H. Bingham Palmer. He can take steps above five feet long, in spite of which he is devoted to horseback riding.

Recently he came into the office to chat awhile, and we noticed that he limped.

"Corn?" was asked sympathetically.

"Nope—accident," he answered, as answers one who doesn't care to talk about something. That aroused our curiosity, and we couldn't help showing it, probably, for he sighed and confessed:

"I was ridin' through the park Monday, and I was just ridin' along and ridin' along and not thinkin' of anything in particular, and my foot slipped out of the stirrup."

"Well?"

"Well, the darn horse stepped on it!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dirigible Balloons.

The dirigible balloon is by no means a modern invention, as many people seem to think. As a matter of fact, as long ago as 1784 General Meusnier proposed the construction of an elongated balloon which might be propelled through the air. Experiments were made with it by two brothers named Robert, who made several ascents and attained a speed of three miles an hour, though the method of propulsion was only aerial oars worked by hand. Nothing further was attempted until 1852, when Henri Giffard built dirigibles which, by means of a light steam engine, he propelled at nearly seven miles an hour, and since then various experiments have been made which ultimately ended in the wonderful triumph of Zeppelin.—New York Press.

Borax In the Laundry.

The uses of refined borax are manifold. It is infinitely better than soda for washing purposes. It may be used in the proportion of a large handful to ten gallons of boiling water, and will effect a great saving in soap. If you are about to wash delicate laces or cambric use an extra quantity of powder. The effect of borax is to soften the hardest water, and, being a neutral salt, it does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen or any other delicate material washed with it.—New York Globe.

Courtier and Poet.

Louis XIV., having shown Boileau some verses of his own composition, demanded his candid opinion about them.

"Sire," answered the poet, "your majesty wished to write poor lines and you did it so well that you proved that nothing is impossible to your majesty!"

Changes.

"You will admit a wise man sometimes changes his mind?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "He also changes his wardrobe. But in doing so he avoids popular attention as much as possible."—Washington Star.

Storms of Life.

As storm following storm and wave succeeding wave give additional hardness to the shell that incloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

Flag Bunting Test.

The United States government's test for color in bunting is six hours' immersion in salt water and six hours' exposure to the sun.

He is not many who yields to fits of anger, but he who wields composure and kindness.—Marcus Aurelius.

Never Suspected It Until Then.

"When did you find that you cared for him?"

"About a quarter of a minute after I discovered that he no longer felt that life would not be worth living if he couldn't have me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native mettle of a man is tested.—Lowell.

A Typhoon In Japan.

My room on the second floor rocked and swayed, and it seemed as though the building could not hold together. After awhile I grew accustomed to the motion and the noise of breaking glass and dropped off to sleep, but a terrific crash right by my ear brought me up with a start. The sheet iron shutters of my windows had finally succumbed to the fury of the gale and, although fully eight inches outside of the glass, had bent in until the windows, sash and all, lay shattered on the floor. A drenching torrent whirled in through the crack between the resisting shutters, seized a screen and hurled it clear across the room on to my bed and then seized the bed and bounced it savagely up and down. Then part of the roof took leave and slid past my window with the nerve racking clatter of coal pouring into an empty steel bin.

By dawn the typhoon was satisfied with what it had done and moved on out to sea. I retrieved my saturated clothes and went downstairs.—Melvin A. Hall in Century.

Unconscious Memory.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them. There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Faint Hearted Poet.

Samuel Rogers, the English poet, whose house in London was noted as a literary center, was very fond of the society of ladies and was a great favorite with them. Yet he never married, and in his latter years he used to regret not having done so. Rogers' "nearest approximation to the nuptial tie" was with a girl whom he thought to be the most beautiful he had ever seen. At the end of the London season she said to him at a ball, "I go tomorrow to Worthing." He did not go with her. Some months afterward, being at Ranelagh, he saw that the attention of every one was drawn toward a large party that had just entered, in the center of which was a lady leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

Mission of the Russian Fleets.

A Russian fleet under command of Admiral Lesoffsky lay in New York harbor during the winter of 1863-4, and another was in San Francisco harbor for the same period. Thurlow Weed is authority for the statement that Farragut in his presence at dinner asked Lesoffsky why he was idling the winter away. The Russian answered, "I am here under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred." In general conversation he allowed it to appear that the particular contingency was that a foreign power should attack the United States. The same authority records a confirmation of this matter by Prince Gortschakoff in St. Petersburg, who showed the Czar Alexander's own order.—New York Sun.

Simple Transposition.

One of the artists had just finished singing "Sally In Our Alley." The song appeared to affect Pogson. I gave him a dig in the ribs and inquired:

"Upset you, old man?"

"That song," he began, "brings to my mind an incident of many years ago which happened when I was a boy. How well I remember the commotion, the wail of the governess, the shrieks of the mater! I had a little sister named Sally, and one day we were playing marbles (we called them 'alleys') when all of a sudden Sally swallowed one of my best 'glassies.'"

"But what's the connection with the song?" I asked.

"The alley in our Sally," replied Pogson as he edged away.—London Answers.

Ebony Backed Brushes.

When you clean the ebony brushes on your toilet table rub petroleum jelly over the backs before you wash the bristles, as this prevents the soda or ammonia in the water from injuring the ebony. The jelly should afterward be removed by polishing the back with a dry cloth.

Entertainment For All.

"A pretty girl can get a lot of entertainment out of her mirror," observes an exchange.

True! So can a plain girl who thinks she is pretty.—Boston Transcript.

No Deception.

Wife—You deceived me. When you married me you said you had a job on the road. Hub—Well, so I have; only it's a long time in arriving.—Baltimore American.

A Freethinker.

Willie—Paw, what is a freethinker? Paw—An unmarried man, my son. Maw—You go to bed, Willie. Cincinnati Enquirer.

"So you refuse to patronize that Chinese laundryman?"

"Yes. The things he wrote on the piece of paper he handed me may be complimentary, but they didn't look it."—Washington Star.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Mason's Child.

Faster and faster spread the flames and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery sheet. Men and women rushed madly over the side to meet a quicker, but less painful death. The boats with one exception, had been overboiled and capsized. There were hasty prayers and heart-rending cries of misery and distress. Death hovered vulture-like, over the victims; some clung desperately to the vessel's side, some supported themselves in the water by articles snatched hastily from the burning ship and with which they had leaped into the sea. The captain cried through the trumpet: "Take heart and sustain yourself as long as possible. A ship is coming to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms. His eyes swept the horizon in search of the ship to which the captain had alluded. He discovered it at last, but it was at least four miles off. Before the ship arrived they must be burned to death; or, if he sprang, as others had, down into the water, both he and the child would be drowned, for he was no swimmer.

The little arms were twined about his neck, the pale cheek rested confidingly against his own, but the brave child did not tremble.

"Oh, my God, is there no help!" cried the despairing father, as the flames swept nearer, and he felt that his present position could be held but a little longer.

"Here, give the child to me, and I will save her," and turning quickly, Mr. Durant stood face to face with a stranger, who had a life-preserver in his hand.

"Quick! There is no time to be lost! The child can have my life-preserver and it will float her easily. Yonder in another ship. I have been watching it for the last five minutes. It will reach us in half an hour at the most. There, that is fastened securely. Now, little girl, I am going to throw you into the water. You are not afraid?"

"No, no; but papa!"

The father caught her frantically in his arms.

"My darling Eva, you may never see your father again, but do not fear—God will guard you, and somebody will find you and take care of you. If you never see papa again, remember he is in heaven with mamma."

"Has she no relatives?" asked the stranger.

"None in this country; I am from England, and am traveling for her health."

"Take that pin from your bosom and fasten it to her clothing."

"Heaven help you for the thought said the father, and in a moment the square and compass was glistening on the bosom of the child, and the stranger took her from her father's arms, saying, "I am stronger than you; she must be cast beyond the reach of those poor drowning wretches or they will rob her of her life-preserver."

Then white drapery fluttered through the air and sank below the waves, then rising, it floated lightly on the water.

James turned to the stranger with tearful eyes.

"May God bless you and preserve you, noblest of men. But, you, as well as myself, must be lost."

"No, I am a good swimmer, and here is a piece of board with which you can sustain yourself until relief comes."

The father cast another glance at the white speck floating rapidly away, and with an inward "God preserve her!" sprang into the sea, followed by the stranger; but the two floated in different directions, and they saw each other no more.

Two hours later, James Durant awoke as if from the sleep of death, and found himself in the cabin of a strange ship, with kind and sympathizing faces all around; in a moment he realized all that had passed, and said, eagerly though feebly:

"My child, little Eva, is she safe?" There was no response and a low moan escaped the father's lips.

"Courage, sir," said a lady with tearful eyes, "some of the passengers were saved by another ship."

The father's countenance lighted. "God grant that she may be safe."

Mr. Durant recovered is usual strength in a few hours and sought among the saved for the stranger who had proved so true a Masonic brother, but he was not to be found.

"He must be found on the other ship," said Mr. Durant, "and he will care for Eva."

Both ships were at port the following day, but although Mr. Durant found the stranger who had befriended him, and who proved to be a Mr. Wadsworth, from a southern city, Eva was seen by no one, and given up as lost.

"Here, wife, is a child that has just been washed upon the beach. She is cold and stiff, but I think she is not dead. Let us have some warm flannels immediately and tell Thomas to run for Dr. Hunt."

It was long before the quivering lashes and feeble fluttering of the heart gave token that success would crown the efforts of Eva's rescuers; but, by and by, the lids parted, and revealed two large, liquid, sky-blue eyes, that wandered from face to face in a bewildering way, and then closed wearily.

"I fear she will not recover rapidly," said the doctor. "She has a delicate constitution, and will require the best of care."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Turner. "I do not wonder she is nearly dead, but who can she be? Some terrible accident must have occurred at sea.

"You had better examine her clothing," said the doctor; "perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress and turned it over. The square and compass placed there by Mr. Durant flashed upon the eyes of all atonce. The doctor and Mr. Turner looked at each other, but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not notice the tear that glistened in her husband's eyes.

The doctor's fears that Eva would not recover rapidly proved to be well founded; days and weeks of fever succeeded in awakening her to life, during which she talked incoherently of "papa" and "mamma," and of the "burning ship" and of "hunger." She finally awoke to consciousness and asked many questions as to where she was and how she came in the dark room, and who were those who attended her, but Dr. Hunt forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

How interested all were in the little convalescent, whom the elements had cast into the little seaboard town! The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes or such beautiful curls while the gentlemen seemed no less interested and brought her gifts of everything that might please her childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child. "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Eva, but I want to know the rest of your name—your father's name."

"Eva Durant. Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes, I want you to tell me all you can remember about your father and mother."

Eva's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, sir, my mamma died and went to live with the angels. And I do not know where papa is. He said that if I never saw him again I must know he had gone to mamma."

"Where were you when he told you this?"

"On the ship, and oh, the fire burned me so; and papa held me in his arms until a strange man took me and tied something under my arms and threw me into the water, and I have not seen papa since. Oh, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

"No, dear child, but perhaps we may yet find him."

And this was all that Eva's new friends could discover. It was plain she had come from the ship which had been burned a few weeks before; that she had been cast upon the sea and floated to the shore; but where was her father? Had he been saved and was he searching for his child? Every possible effort was now made to find him. The circumstances of the case with the statement of the child, was published fully in the newspapers of the neighboring cities, but the grief-stricken father, believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became settled in the minds of Eva's protectors that he had perished. But the little one still prattled about her "papa," and said he would come by and by, and those who believed differently would not pain her by contradiction.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing had been regarded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren to care for his child. So it came to pass that Eva became, as it were, the special charge of Hiram lodge, No. 93. Mr. Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the brethren in lodge assembled, declared that Eva should be reared, educated and protected by the lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in Brother Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by, and Eva became a healthy, joyous child, flitting here and there, and everywhere meeting the warmest welcomes. The Masonic hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone, always bidding the Tyler to take care of Pa Turner and send him home early.

The six years that followed the death of his wife and the loss of his child passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country in the old world, seeking among scenes of natural beauty and grandeur, as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest which could never be found. Once more he turned his steps toward America and sought his Masonic friend Wadsworth. Finding that gentleman setting out with his family to the Atlantic coast Mr. Durant accepted the invitation to accompany them to Saratoga and Niagara Falls, then to New York, where, leaving the ladies, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and the quiet hospitality that greeted them more than the crowded hotels and the fashionable style of the popular watering places. Fancy, and the kind hand of Providence at length led them to the little town of B——and the second evening after their arrival they visited the Masonic hall. A warm welcome was extended to these brothers from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren: I have traveled much and long, I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and everywhere is Masonry substantially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, as I remain but a short time in any town or country, but my name is recorded in an English lodge. I love my English brethren, for they first brought me 'from darkness to light,' and I love English soil, for with it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love American soil, also, for here have I found the warmest of welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my own child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shores of your beautiful village.

"Six years have passed since this dear friend and brother robbed himself of his life preserver that my little Eva might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that Heaven would send her relief, she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to speak further, he seated himself and covered his face with his hands.

Glances of surprise and pleasure were cast from one to another among the brethren of Hiram lodge. No one spoke, however, but all eyes turned upon the master, Mr. Turner. For a moment he seemed reflecting, then taking a slip of paper from the secretary he wrote:

"Mrs. Turner: Do not allow Eva to retire until I return home; tell her I am going to bring a strange gentleman who wishes to see her." And calling the junior deacon, Mr. Turner gave him the note, saying in a low voice: "Take this note to Mrs. Turner immediately."

"Why, Eva," said Mrs. Turner, when she read the message, "you are going to have company. A strange gentleman is at the lodge room who wishes to see you."

"Who can it be?"

Eva looked perplexed and thoughtful, suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eyes lightened and clasping her little hands she sprang to her feet and exclaimed: "Oh, it must be papa no one else would wish to see me, no one in the world, and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's interpretation she had passed the threshold and was flitting through the moonlight toward the lodge room. The tyler looked amazed when Eva burst into the ante-room her cheeks burning her eyes flashing with joy and excitement.

"Do not stop me, I am going in!" she exclaimed. But the inner door was fastened, and the impatient Eva nearly cried with vexation.

"Wait a moment," said the tyler, who, having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child: "wait a moment and I will send your request to Mr. Turner. He will come out and see you."

"I shall not wait! I do not want to see Mr. Turner I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed tyler to himself; but calling out the deacon, he bade him say that Eva was there and had determined to get into the lodge-room.

The deacon went to the East and delivered his message in a low tone, a moment afterward moving "that the craft be called from labor to refreshments."

"Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the tylor to let her come in."

And Eva did come in, or rather bounded, into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the center of the room, and stood beside the altar; half poised upon a tiny foot, she scanned irresolute, then darting forward, with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, crying: "Oh, papa! my dear papa! you have come home at last! You were not burned in the ship."

We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of the fond father, and leave them also to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the brethren of Hiram lodge were caused by sympathy with the happiness of their charge, or grief that they should lose one whom they all loved.

On The Job.

"Where's the president of this railroad?" asked the man who called at the general offices.

"He's down in Washington, attendin' th' session o' some kind uv an investigatin' committee," replied the office boy.

"Where is the general manager?"

"He's appearin before th' Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Well, where's the general superintendent?"

"He's at th' meetin' of th' legislature, fightin' some bum new law.

"Where is the head of the legal department?"

"He's in court tryin' a suit."

"Then where is the general passenger agent?"

"He's explainin' t' th' commercial travelers why we can't reduce th' fare."

"Where is the general freight agent?"

"He's gone out in th country t' attend a meetin' o' th' grange an' tell th' farmers why we ain't got no freight cars"

"Who a running the blame railroad, anyway?"

"Th' newspapers and th' legislatures."—Pittsburg Press.

Always Gave Something.

At a recent banquet in New York Mr. W. F. McCoombs told a story of a discussion on public generosity in a club smoking room in which several well-known philanthropists were mentioned and praised to the skies.

After they had been speaking for some time, Mr. McCoombs said, a man in the corner remarked: "Your philanthropists are all right, but I think it is only just that my next door neighbor should be included."

"Is he generous?" asked one.

"I should just say he is," was the emphatic reply. "No matter how many tramps go to his door, he never seems to send one of them away empty handed."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed one of his hearers.

"I do," replied the other man. "He always gives them something; he gives them a letter of introduction to me!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Followed Instructions.

A few weeks ago company called unexpectedly upon a certain New England family, greatly to the chagrin of the good housewife, for the larder was rather short and there was no way at that late hour to replenish it.

"Bridget," said the mistress, taking the servant girl into her confidence, "you will have to bring in everything that you can find and I will make an apology at the table."

"All right, mum," was the assuring response of Bridget. "Yez can jist lave it to me."

The dinner hour came, and taking the cover from one dish the mistress was surprised to find it empty.

"Why, Bridget," said the hostess, turning and addressing the servant girl, "what is the meaning of this empty dish?"

"Shure, mum," was the startling rejoinder of Bridget. "Didn't yez say yez would make an apology at the table, an don't yez want a dish to put it in?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Crack Shots.

Three old hunters were speaking of the distance-shooting of old rifles in the lobby one night when they brought up recollections of the guns they used to have when they were boys.

The first man told how he had often broken the old schoolhouse windows from the creek a mile away, while the second told of shooting ducks from one county to another.

Calmly sipping his favorite beverage, the last man told how, up in Tennessee, he had rubbed salt on top of the bullets to preserve the game until he reached it. The first man gave in.

True enough.

A teacher was questioning a class of boys on the subject of "birds." Having received correct answers to the questions about feathers, bill, feet and wings, he put the question, "What is it a bird can do that I am unable to do?"

"Fly," was the answer he hoped to get. For several moments the boys thought, but gave no answer. At last one boy held out his hand.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"Lay an egg, sir," said the boy.—Exchange.

Hopeless.

A gentleman who had been spending a holiday at a Scottish seaside village, noted for its golf links asked one of the caddies if he got much carrying in the winter time.

"Nae, sir, nae," replied the caddie, "There's nae carrying in the winter time Ye see it's this way. If it's no sna' it's frost; if it's no frost, it's sna'; if it's neither sna' nor frost, it's rain; if it's no rain it's wind; an' if it's a fine day, it's the Sawbath!"

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah.

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing at me, I ll turn the bears on you and they ll eat you up. And they did and he did and the bears did."—Everybody's.

"Of course, Jack, I'm very fond of you. Why, haven't I just danced six times with you?"

"I don t see any proof in that."

"You would if you only realized how you dance."—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Many Forest Fires But Well Controlled.

(From the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

During 1913 the forces on the national forests fought 4,520 fires, or nearly twice as many as started in 1912, the best year the forests have ever had.

Fire Damage Keep Down

Notwithstanding the great increase in the number of fires, Forester Graves considers that the showing made by the forest service was quite as favorable as that in the preceding year, because the damage done and the costs of fire fighting were no greater proportionately than in 1912. In both years practically 59 per cent. of all fires were detected and extinguished before they burned over a quarter of an acre, and 25 per cent of both year's fires were put out before they covered 10 acres. Of last year's fires, 3,278, or considerably more than the whole number of fires in 1912, were confined to areas of less than 10 acres, and in 1,089 additional fires less than $100 damage was done by each. In only 25 fires did the damage amount to $1,000.

The aggregate loss in timber is estimated at nearly 69 million board feet, valued at about $82,000, and the damage to young growth and forage is estimated at about $110,000, making a total of about $192,000. About 18 per cent. of this loss, however, was incurred on private lands within the forests where 16 per cent. of the fires had their origin.

Care With Engines Increasing

One encouraging feature is that the total number of fires set by railroad locomotives was scarcely more than in the preceding year and represented only 12 per cent. of all fires, as against nearly 19 per cent. in 1912; also the proportion set by sawmills and other engines in the woods was considerably less than in 1912. This indicates very plainly, Mr. Graves says, that the public is awakening to the need of spark arresters and care with engines in the woods.

Causes of Increase in Fires.

Looking for the reason of the increase in number of fires, the forester finds three main causes:

First of all, the unprecedented electric storms which swept the whole state of California at the end of a long dry season and set, almost simultaneously, about 700 fires. The 804 fires set by lightning in California formed nearly 60 per. cent. of the 1,628 fires on the national forests of the state from all causes, and were more than half of the 1,571 lightning-set fires in all the 21 states reporting.

In the second place, there were 757 fires which started outside the forests, of which 614 were stopped by the government's fire fighters before they reached the forest boundaries, as against 424 which started on outside areas in 1912. However, the proportion of such fires to all those which the service battled with was about the same for 1912 and 1913.

Incendiary Fires.

The other increased cause of fires was incendiarism, but this increase was confined to three states, Arkansas, California, and Oregon, all others showing a marked decrease. Of the 462 incendiary fires, 128 were in Arkansas, 133 in California, and 142 in Oregon, where two brothers were known to have set 72 on one forest alone. These two and other incendiaries were, of course, severely dealt with by the law. On the Arkansas forest, too, it has been assumed that the 351 fires classed under the general heading of "origin unknown" were mainly incendiary. In California the incendiary fires are largely attributable to what is known as the "light-burning theory", which advances the argument that forests should be burned over frequently to prevent the accumulation of debris. The forest service considers this a pernicious theory because it scars the standing timber and thus reduces its value; it robs the forest soil of its ability to retain moisture, and effectually prevents the reproduction of the forest, since such fires destroy all trees seedlings before they have a chance to get a good start.

Lightning Caused Most Fires.

In 1912, lightning caused more fires than any other agency, followed closely by railroads, campers, and incendiaries, in the order given. In 1913, however, the fires caused by lightning outnumbered the next nearest cause by more than three to one, but the order—railroads, campers, and incendiaries—remained the same as in 1912. A considerable decrease in the proportion set by railroads and campers indicates, according to forest officers, a growing carefulness on the part of the general public.

Last year, as in 1912, California led all others in number of fires, this lead being natural because California has such a long dry season. It was followed by Arkansas, Arizona, and Oregon, in the order named. Kansas, which had only one fire in 1912, escaped without any in 1913. North Dakota repeated its record of 1912 and had no fire on its one small forest. Not a single severe fire occurred during the year in District 4, which includes Utah, Nevada, and southern Idaho, and in which a large proportion of the forests reported no fires at all.

Losses on Private Lands.

There was proportionately greater loss on private lands within the forest boundaries than on the public lands. It is pointed out by the forest officers that these lands cover approximately 11 per cent. of the total area included within the forest boundries, yet the area burned over on these private lands was more than 25 per cent. of all. The forest service expended more than $30,000 in protecting the private lands within the forests and lands adjacent to and outside of the forests. In addition to this cost, services and supplies to the value of more than $7,000 were contributed by co-operators for fire-fighting on these areas.

Fires Came at End of Season.

In the middle of the fire season, that is in July, the service had high hopes of small fire damage during 1913, and this hope kept up until the middle of September, when the fire season on the national forests ordinarily is about at an end. At that time there was less damage than had ever been recorded, and only 2,260 fires as against 2,470 in 1912, with about 60,000 acres burned as compared with 230,000 in 1912 and 780,000 in 1911. At the end of the month, however, the electric storms in California and one or two outbreaks of incendiarism changed the whole situation.

But even in the face of these difficulties, the fire-fighting force, with its plans and experience from preceding years, was able to cope with the situation. In California, in particular, it was as if a military leader, represented by the district forester at San Francisco, was holding, with a comparatively small number of men with a mere skirmish force, a line of defense extending 700 miles in a north and south direction. This force received, as if from an attack by the heavy artillery of an opposing army, the electric storms, generally unaccompanied by rain, which played havoc along the Sierras and the Coast Range. That the California force was able to cope with the situation was, according to Mr. Graves, an evidence of the efficiency of the men and the organization.

Let the People Spoon, Says Pittsburgh Doctor.

He Declares There Is No Special Danger in Kissing.

Kissing as a "general proposition" was approved the other day by Dr. J F. Edwards, head of the Pittsburgh City Bureau of Infectious Diseases, as against the attack made by Dr. Young, Chicago's Health Commissioner.

"Kissing is as old as the human race," said Dr. Edwards. "What harm is there in it? It is not the puny creature that sits around and spoons. Usually the men and women addicted to this love affection are strong and healthy. The weaklings do not have enough energy to spoon.

"There is no special danger in kissing, and as a general proposition it is not dangerous. I believe that a majority of the medical profession is of the same opinion.

"Let the people spoon."

A Warm Outlook.

A church in a western town had become old and unfit for use and a handsome new one was in course of building. It was still in an uncompleted state when the congregation met in the old church on a bitterly cold Sabbath morning.

"A real old-fashioned winter, deacon," remarked the pastor joining the congregation in the aisle at the conclusion of the service.

"Yes, down to zero," answered the deacon. "I could feel the wind blowing through this church like popular airs, whizzing through a cornet."

"Well, never mind, brother," consolingly responded the dominie. "This congregation will soon be in a place where it will not require so much effort to keep warm."—Philadelphia Telegraph

Batting Him in the Face.

Two colored brothers were apparently about to come to blows. Rhetorical threats had been flying fast.

"Niggah, don t mess wid me," warned one, "'cause when yo do yo' sure is flirtin wid a hearse."

"Don't pesticate wid me, niggah," showing a great, bony fist; "Don't fo ce me fo' to press dis upon yo,' 'cause if yo' do, I'll hit you so hard A'll seperate your ideas from yo' habits; A ll just nachorally knock yo' from amazin' grace into a' floatin' opportunity."

"If yo' mess wid me niggah," replied the other, "An'll jest make one pass and dere'll be a man pattin' yo' in de face wid a spade tomorrow mornin.'"—Cotton Oil News.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

A captain of one of the ocean liners was showing a young lady friend of his over the ship during one of his outward trips. As they passed through the steerage he called his fair companion s attention to a big husky Irish emigrant, who was putting away with his knife, fork and spoon a bountiful supply of corned beef and cabbage combined with other articles of diet. The captain eyed him for a moment, then, addressing the young lady, said:

"Just look at the enormous amount of food that fellow is consuming."

"I suppose, captain," said the fair young girl, with a beaming smile, "he is what you sailors call a stowaway."—Lippincott s.

Replied in Kind.

A jolly group of traveling men had just got comfortably settled in the hotel lobby when another knight of the grip arrived.

"Mighty glad to see you fellows," he exclaimed enthusiastically, shaking hands all round.

"Sorry we can't say as much for you," was handed him by one of the group.

"Oh, you could all right, if you'd lie like I do," replied the new comer.

"I m the victim of financial exagertion."

"I don't understand you."

"The bank has just informed me that I've overdrawn my account."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disarms all pain and breaks up your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting Teeth and at once send get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children teething. It will rest yo the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and most female physicians and nurses in the United States. Twenty five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906, Serial number 1654.

Most of us would know when we have enough, but few of us ever have the opportunity.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

Give a blind beggar a dime and he may invest in an eye-opener.

Sweet Wood and BellADONNA, combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's B. W. & B. Backache plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

It's sometimes easier to discharge an obligation than a cook.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whom occupation gives but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

It sometimes requires a buoyant nature to keep up appearances.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Children Cry
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A Trip to the Moon.

One Scientist at Least Believes it will be made some day.

Jules Verne was a scientific man, and many regard his fiction stories of submarine and aerial flight—which at the time they were published seemed wild dreams—as a serious prediction of what he believed would be accomplished. As a matter or fact he did live to see the submarine an accepted arm of two navies, and the Wrights were well advanced toward success before he died. There remains his "Trip to the Moon," which seems an absolutely impossible accomplishment. Nevertheless, there are scientific men who dare to reach out into space and chart a pathway to other worlds.

One of these, M. Ernest Archdeacon who ranks among the foremost authorities in France on aviation, predicts our present aviation machines, which at best could not encircle the earth in less than eight days, will be abandoned for air craft which will girdle the globe in sixty-six minutes. "All the people of the earth will then form a sole and single nation."

Man, insatiable in his ambition, is contemplating interplanetary flight, and M. Ernest Pelterie believes the vehicle will be a self propelled rocket (Verne again) with a speed of seven miles a second, which is estimated to be sufficient velocity to carry the projectile beyond the zone of terrestrial attraction. At this rate the moon would be reached in less than ten hours—assuming of course the vehicle was not melted long before by the heat generated in its terrific flight. Radium is suggested as a possible motive power.

The idea of interplanetary flight from our present viewpoint seems of course impossible. However, the submarine was 400 years in developing, M. Archdeacon says, "I am convinced that a certain number of centuries the inhabitants of all the planets will have made acquaintance with one another, and I foresee the day when a world's interplanetary congress will be held"—H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

All Sorts.

Who saves his silver in a sock,
And daily adds thereto a groat,
In winter hath no need to hock
His timepiece for an overcoat.
—Lippincott's.

Doubtful customer—Really, now, are these eggs fresh?

Smart Assistant—Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling.—Pearson's Weekly.

Jiggs—Paris society has adopted a tango baths.

Jiggs—Tango baths—what d'ye mean?

Jiggs—A tub of ice water. You slip in and wiggle out.—Buffalo Express.

"Did the trained nurse take your temperature?"

"Yes, after the surgeons got through with their charges, it was all I had left to take."—Baltimore American.

"I am a self-made man," said Mr. Cumrox.

"And I suppose your wife and daughter are very proud of you?"

"Yes. Just about as proud as they would be of a home-made dress."—Washington Star.

Small Brother—Mamma, I hurt my finger. Please tie a rag on it?

Mamma (after an examination)—It isn't injured enough to need tying up, dear.

Small Arthur—Well, tie a rag on it anyway so I won't forget when finger it is that hurts.—Exchange.

Some people are like wheelbarrows—they don t go unless they are pushed.—March Smart Set.

Jack—I was just admiring Maud's hair. How pretty it is.

Mabel's Rival—Oh, she has some prettier than that.—Boston Transcript.

He (teasing) You married women are great matchmakers.

She (demurely)—Yes. Misery loves company.—Judge.

Minister (calling on inmate of prison)—Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage.

Kenney—Well, they've got me hypnotized then, that's all.—Penn. State Froth.

"A prominent educator says everybody ought to read a little poetry every day."

"Well, I read all I see in the street cars."

A Kansas paper recently complimented its local merchants on their marked advance in advertising methods. "We have the best dressed widows in the state" it said. The next day it explained that it meant windows.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Barmaid—No, I can t serve you; you ve had enough already.

Toper—Thash perfectly right, me dear; but thishn t for me—ish for another gen'lem an

Barmaid—But where is he?

Toper—Lyin' on the pavement outside.—London Sketch.

"So Wobbler is dead?"

"Yes, and its the first time he ever arrived at a definite conclusion."—Boston Transcript.

"How do you know she is his wife?"

"Didn t you notice, when they were dancing together, that he didn't clap his hands for an encore?"—Judge.

"If I find a blonde hair on a man's sleeve," said the cynical bachelor, "I always know that his wife is a brunette."—Philadelphia Record.

"How is the star actress today?"

"I don't know The doctor's in her room now, taking her temperament."—Baltimore American.

Briggs—Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn t he?

Griggs—Only as to religion. As to everything else, he knows it all.—Boston Transcript.

"What did her father say when you told him that you wanted to marry her?"

"He asked me if I really loved her or if I was merely trying for a Carnegie medal."—Houston Post.

Parson A.—It's hard to get people into the church.

Doctor B.—But it's easier to do that than it is to get them into heaven.

Parson A.—True! We ministers can only point the way to heaven; when it comes to getting there we are obliged to fall back on the doctors.

"She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man. "Yes," replied the young woman, with a glance at her rival's complexion; "and hand-painted, too."—Houston Post.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1914.

NOTES.

The Newport Historical Society. This Society was inaugurated by the General Assembly of Rhode Island, just sixty years ago. The following paper was prepared for a recent anniversary meeting of the Society, and may be of interest to the readers of the Mercury who remember the early days of the Society and the members who were such earnest workers.

The Newport Historical Society In Its earlier Days.

BY EDITH MAY TILLEY, LIBRARIAN.

Sixty-one years ago, this month, Mr. George Champlin Mason, realizing the importance of preserving everything relating to the early history of Newport, issued invitations for a meeting to consider the advisability of forming a Society for this purpose. In response to the call, fourteen gentlemen met at Mr. Mason's residence, the old Champlin house on Thames Street, on the evening of February 8, 1853, and voted "that it is expedient to form an Historical Society in this town," to be called and known as the Newport Historical Society. Those present were Rev. A. H. Dumont, Rev. S. Adlam, Rev. Thatcher Thayer, Rev. Darius Brewer, Benjamin B. Howland, Samuel B. Vernon, Elisha R. Potter, Nathan H. Gould, Robert J. Taylor, Dr. R. P. Perry, Jared Reid, Jr., Benjamin E. Thurston, Christopher G. Perry, and George C. Mason.

Much interest was immediately manifested, and at a well attended second meeting on February 14, a constitution was adopted, stating that the Society would "procure and preserve in some suitable place, such manuscripts, histories, anecdotes, essays, books and pamphlets as can be obtained, which relate to the early history of the town and State, as also whatever else will, in any wise, tend to elucidate or illustrate the characters, manners and habits of those who have lived and died before us." The following officers were elected:

President, Dr. David King.

First Vice President, William Littlefield.

Second Vice President, Rev. A. H. Dumont.

Corresponding Secretary, George C. Mason.

Recording Secretary, Robert J. Taylor.

Treasurer, Nathan H. Gould.

Librarian, and Cabinet Keeper, Benjamin B. Howland.

After several preliminary meetings, a charter was accepted February 14, 1854, and immediately after, at the Session 60 years ago, the act of incorporation was passed by the Legislature. Forty-nine incorporators were named in the act, many of whose families are today represented in the Society.

Among the names well known to you all, of our earliest members, were William S. Wetmore, Samuel Powel, George H. Calvert, Gov. William C. Gibbs, Henry Bull, Christopher E. Robbins, Rev. John O. Choules, Dr. Henry Jackson, William Gilpin, Edward King, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, James Atkinson, Thomas C. Dunn, Dr. Henry E. Turner, Dr. James V. Turner, Charles E. Hammett, Charles Hunter, Thomas R. Hunter, James Birckhead, George Bowen, George Bancroft, Gov. C. C. Van Zandt, Duncan C. Pell, and many others.

With such a goodly list of charter members, the society started most auspiciously, but progress was necessarily slow, as its income was small, and the lack of a permanent meeting-place a serious drawback. Also, the loss of the records from March 13, 1851 to March 17, 1857, was unfortunate. However, we know that valuable papers were read at the meetings, which were held at various places, the State House, Unitarian Church, Masonic Hall, and the hall of the No. 5 Engine Company on Touro Street. There are notes too, showing that relices were presented from time to time which are still among the best known and interesting of our exhibits.

But the way of the pioneer is beset with difficulties. Gradually the interest, except of a very few, began to decrease, and it became more and more difficult to obtain a quorum; meetings therefore were almost entirely discontinued. Dr. King, however, our devoted president, who was a loyal and untiring student of Newport history, often addressed the Society upon the subjects of his researches, always emphasizing the importance of writing history by reference to original documents, and urging the members to make the name of their Society a synonym for historical accuracy. These lessons and the faithfulness and enthusiasm of our first President have never been forgotten. Mr. Howland and Mr. Mason also gave help and inspiration, being men of broad knowledge and attainments, and anxious to spread the work and influence of the Society.

In 1876, the Directors of the Redwood Library invited this Society to meet in their building, and the next year extended the further courtesy of permitting our members to place there two cases in which to deposit the books and collections of the Society. This caused a slight awakening in interest, and a few years later, a series of lectures were attended by small but interested audiences.

The first record we find of the election of ladies to the Society is in 1881, when the following were added to the roll: Miss Mary E. Powel, Miss Sarah Woolsey, Miss Mary G. Ellery, Miss Henrietta C. Ellery, and Mrs. William Gilpin.

All through the years the Society has been honored by the membership of men of learning and prominence. These names are familiar to you all: John Carter Brown, William Morris Hunt, William Beach Lawrence, William Ellery, George Wanton Ellery, Dr. V. Mott Francis, Ward McAllister, Dr. Samuel Francis, Osmond Tiffany, George D. Brewerton, William S. Nichols, Col. T. W. Higginson, Col. George E. Waring, Gen. T. W. Sherman, and Rev. Dr. A. G. Mercer. Many others of note might also be mentioned.

Among the honorary members were Judah Touro, New Orleans, Charles B. King, Washington, D. C., Jared Sparks, Cambridge, Mass., Edward Everett, Boston, Mass., Rt. Rev. G. W. Doane, Burlington, Vt., Prof. William G. Gammell of Providence, James Savage, Boston, Mass., W. Sanford Rogers, Boston, Wilkins Updike, of Kingston, R. I., Robert H. Ives and Moses B. Ives, Providence, Clement C. Moore, New York, Samuel G. Drake, Boston, and Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin.

In the death of Dr. King, March 7, 1882, the Society sustained a serious loss. His bequest to the Society, the income of which is used for the purchase of books, gave evidence of his belief in the importance of the work.

At the annual meeting, March 18, 1882, Mr. Francis Brinley was elected President, with Col. William Gilpin, and Dr. Turner as Vice Presidents.

For some time, the Redwood Library had been growing in every department, and it became apparent that all possible space would soon be needed, so while the members of the Historical Society regretted that they must withdraw from the sheltering walls of the Library and the generous hospitality and courteous treatment of the Directors, they thought it wise to look about for a permanent place for their collections and for meetings.

And thus began our era of prosperity, for the committee, Mr. James McKenzie Southwick, and Mr. George W. Carr, discovered that the beautiful old meeting house of the Sabbatarian Society, on Barney Street, could be purchased for a comparatively small sum, and it was felt that this would be an ideal home for the Society.

Funds were immediately raised, and the necessary repairs made. Mr. R. Hammett Tilley, who had entered upon his duties as librarian, March 18, 1881, had the relics and books transferred from the Redwood Library, and on Nov. 10, 1881, our building was opened to the public with appropriate ceremonies.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

7667. HOSKINS—Will someone furnish the relationship between Lemuel Hoskins, who resided in the south part of Scituate in 1831, and John Hoskins who was in Scituate in 1695, and also the line of descent from William Hoskins of Scituate, a freeman in 1634. All of these persons are mentioned in Deane's History of Scituate, at page 289.—T. W. H.

7668. CLARKE, PECKHAM—What are the antecedants of Mary Peckham, second wife of John Clarke, Jr., of Newport, R. I., married Oct. 20, 1766, Mary, died Jan. 14, 1773.—J. R. B. S.

7669. SWEETLAND, BASSETT—Who was Sarah Sweetland, wife of William (3) Joseph (2), William (1) Bassett of Bridgewater? She died in 1703.—A. H. M. N.

7670. FISHER—Lydia Fisher, daughter of Samuel and Hannah (Thayer or Thayes) Fisher of Easton, married William (6) Bassett March 16, 1747. Further ancestry desired.—A. H. M. N.

7671. HORTON, HARRIS—Aaron Horton, born Nov. 12, 1758, at Bolton, Mass., died Oct. 25, 1832, at Mount Holly, Vt., married intention, April 9, 1786, at Westminster, Mass. Sally Harris, born about 1766, died March 11, 1821, at Mount Holly, Vt. Wanted, ancestry and date of birth of Sally Harris.—J. M. W. E.

7672. HORTON, KNIGHT—Wanted, dates of birth, death and marriage, also ancestry of Alice or Elis Knight, wife of Joseph Horton. Joseph was born June 1, 1717, at Milton, Mass. Wanted, date of his death and place of burial.—J. M. W. E.

7673. HARMON—In 1640, John Harmon married Elizabeth, probably in Maine. Who was she? Has his English ancestry been found? · R. T. C.

7674. CHALONER—Would like to learn the name of the first Chaloner in this country and the place from which he came.—J. J.

7676. OSBORN—Would like ancestry of William Osborn, born in Newport, R. I. Aug. 16, 1729, died in Tiverton, R. I., Oct. 28, 1810, married May 28, 1752, Elizabeth Shrieve. This William Osborn was bound out to a man named Hicks; of Tiverton, when he was very young.—G. O. B.

7677. COBB—What was the ancestry of Rachel Cobb, who married, June 18, 1772, Benjamin Borden, who was born 1740. He was a Friend at Tiverton, R. I.—G. O. B.

7678. TABER—Who was Sarah Taber, who married before 1798, Benjamin Slocum, son of Giles, of Portsmouth, R. I.? He was born Aug. 27, 1773, died 1852. She died Nov. 25, 1812. —G. O. B.

7679. WALDRON—Who were the ancestors of Nathaniel Waldron, said to have been born in Newport, R. I., Mar. 19, 1742? Did he die there in 1769?—C. W. J.

7680. CHANNING—What became of Elizabeth Channing, b. 1755, at Newport, R. I.? Did she ever marry? I think she died 1820.—H. R.

7681. BELL—Who was the Thomas Bell who married Ann Culver in Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 20, 1641, and who died June 7, 1655? Thomas Bell, merchant, returned to England with his family in 1654, and died there in 1672. His son Thomas was living at the time of his death, and in the book of Suffolk Deeds, No. 2, he is said to be twenty-two years old in 1655.—M. P. S.

"Mrs. O'Rooney," said Father McMurphy, "why do I never see Patrick at church now?"

Mrs. O'Rooney shook her head sadly.

"Is it Socialism?"

"Warse than that, your riverence."

"Is it atheism?"

"Warse your riverence."

"What is it then?"

"Rheumatism."—London Tit-Bits.

"Do you believe that women ought to vote?"

"Sure! And, what's more, I think men ought to, too."—Detroit Free Press.

"Pa, what is scientific salesmanship?" "Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."—Detroit Free Press.

It Is Worth Your While

To study carefully this chair which embodies so many features that minister to your comfort and happiness. The adjustable back, the spring seat, the board arms, the roominess, and above all the adjustable foot rest which can, by a simple mechanism, be folded beneath the seat

THIS UNUSUAL MORRIS CHAIR

Is built of the best quartered white oak, is put together with a firmness that insures life long service. Its peculiar design adapts it perfectly to the furnishing of any living room however simple or pretentious. The price is a secondary consideration and not all commensurate with its utility or desirability.

Complete with Cushions - - $16.00

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A Winter Vacation
IN
New England

Includes all the hardy, virile joys of ice games, and snow pastimes—coasting, tobogganing, sleighing, ski-ing, snowshoeing, skating, hockey—ice-boating—such as turn winter into a glad carnival time.

You'll want to know more about cold weather sports in the White Highlands if you read

"AN OUTDOOR ENTHUSIAST."

This attractive booklet will be sent to your address if you write to Vacation Bureau, Room 574, South Station, Boston, Mass.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

Long Distance Mile Posts

THE world's telephone progress has been marked by periodical advances in the Bell telephone system's Long Distance transmission.

Thirty-one years ago, the first Long Distance line between Boston and Providence, 45 miles long, was built. Two years later, the New York-Boston Long Distance line, 235 miles long, was completed. In 1892 the New York-Chicago line was finished, and in 1911 the New York-Denver line, 2,100 miles was opened.

With each advance telephone service has been extended to thousands of new users.

No other nation has the long range of telephonic speech that we Americans enjoy.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

Providence Telephone Co.

Contract Dept. 142 Spring Street.

WM. H. HAMMETT, President. GRANT P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

W. P. CARR, Secretary. H. G. WILKS Asst. Treasurer.

Savings Bank of Newport.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.

	Jan'y. 17. 1913.	Jan'y. 16. 1914.	Increase.
Deposits	$9,235,653.03	$9,455,094.98	$219,441.95
Surplus	$12,570.87	$48,261.67	35,690.80

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

PRINTED CALLING CARDS

CLOSELY RESEMBLE THE ENGRAVED SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS

CORRECT STYLES EITHER FROM CUSTOMER'S PLATE OR FROM NEW PLATE

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

Won't Sell Liquor on Trains.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has decided, effective March 1st, to discontinue the sale of liquor on its trains throughout its entire territory.

The New Haven takes this action in the belief that, however custom may have sanctioned the practice, the sale of liquor on its trains in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut is not permitted by the laws of these States, which make no provision for State licensing. No liquor has been sold in New York State because the distance traversed there was believed to be too short to warrant taking out a State license for each car, such as the laws of that State permit.

In regard to the sale of liquor on trains, the position of the New Haven in the past has been that it had no desire to sell liquor but that it did so in response to the demand of its patrons. However, it is the policy of the company to conduct its business strictly in conformity with the laws of the States in which it operates, and upon an investigation of the subject it feels that as the law in these three States does not provide for liquor selling on trains it should be stopped.

In taking this action discontinuing liquor selling the New Haven is following a rule which many other large railroads have adopted in different parts of the country. In Illinois recently twenty-five railroads under a rule adopted by the General Manager's Association of Chicago agreed to discontinue the sale of liquor with or without meals in that State and other railroads have done the same elsewhere.

Gen. Jacob S. Coxey, who in 1894 led an army of unemployed to Washington, plans to repeat the performance in May. He expects 100,000 idle penniless men to follow him.

President Wilson will have a chance to see then how much his free trade policy has benefitted the laboring man.

Mr. A. Russell Manchester is on the high road to recovery after his recent illness.

PRICELESS RELICS LOST

Ancient Scottish Church Destroyed by Militant Suffragettes

Militant suffragettes burned to the ground the historic Parish church of the village of Whitekirk, Scot. The church was erected in 1297 and contained many relics of the battle in which the Scots were routed by Oliver Cromwell's forces in 1650.

The fire was plainly of incendiary origin and militant literature and placards scattered about the grounds left the police no doubt that the women caused it.

Many priceless scriptural relics and curios from the Holy Land were destroyed by the fire.

ASCENDS THE THRONE

Prince William of Wied Becomes New Ruler of Albania

Prince William of Wied entered the ranks of European sovereigns when he formally accepted the throne of Albania tendered to him by Essad Pasha, at the head of a deputation of Albanian notables.

Essad Pasha and the other delegates saluted Prince William as "King" and "Your Majesty," although the European powers had contemplated according him only the title of prince.

SLEDDING.

In accordance with Section 10 of Chapter 13 of the Ordinances of the City of Newport, "no person shall slide on any sled or other machine, or in any vehicle whatever for amusement, except in those places designated by the Chief of Police" and any violation of the provisions of this Chapter is punishable by a fine of not less than two nor more than twenty dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding twenty days. The following named streets are by me designated for the purpose of sledding for amusement.

From Spring Street to Thames St.—Young, Pope, Extension, Dearborn, Narragansett, Carey, Webster, Morton Ave., Catherine, Buena Vista, Mann Ave., Ayrault, Everett, Bliss Road, Sanford.

Sledding is positively prohibited on all streets leading from the east into Spring Street.

2-28 JAMES R. CROWLEY, Chief of Police.

"Meet me at Barney's"

NEW

Victor Records

For March

Go on sale Saturday Morning Feb. 28.

Come in and get a list or telephone 935, and we will Mail it.

BARNEY'S Music Store.

SITUATION WANTED by gardener, (private place,) First class references. Five years in Rhode Island. Age [illegible], married, one child. Abstainer. Twenty years' [illegible] experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and under glass, vegetables, etc.

14 Address C. W. S., Box 14, [illegible]

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

R. I. State, Providence, Feb. 18, 1914.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Misleading Advertisements.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill [illegible] entitled "An Act to prohibit false or misleading printed advertisements." in Committee Room [illegible], State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 3, 1914.

at [illegible] p. m.

OSCAR A. HENNETT, Chairman.

W. LOUIS FROST, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., February [illegible], 1914.

Estate of Andrew J. Dodge.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Andrew J. Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the [illegible] of March [illegible] at [illegible] o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Carr's List.

The Valley Of The Moon, By Jack London

The Light Of Western Stars, By Zane Grey

Miss Billy—Married, By Eleanor H. Porter

My Wife's Hidden Life, Anonymous

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11-18

SHORT LINE

—TO—

PROVIDENCE

—VIA—

Newport & Providence Railway

In effect Sept. 15, 1913.

A car will leave Washington Square Week Days at 7.40 a. m. making close connection through to Providence by the way of Bristol arriving at Union Station, Providence, at 9.30 a. m. The other trips through the day will remain the same, leaving Newport at 50 minutes past the hour until 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS connecting through to Providence leaving Newport each hour from 8.50 a. m. to 7.50 p. m.

G. W. TOWLE,

11-1 Superintendent

NEW MODEL

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND TYPEWRITER

All Languages on One Machine.

Carries Two Sets Type at one time.

Ball Bearing Carriage.

Automatic Ribbon Feed.

Visible Writing, Two-color Ribbon

Send for Catalogue.

Allowance made on old machines of any make.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.

101 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

6-7

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

Modern Structures.

"What's the matter with this elevator?" asked the [illegible] "You keep trying to [illegible] through the roof."

"You'll have to excuse me," replied the operator. "I'm used to one of those [illegible] buildings."

[illegible]